

GEN 13 ANNUAL

"THE COMING OF THE COLLECTOR!!" (48 PAGES)

PAGE 1.

PANEL 1.

OKAY, WE START OFF WITH A BIG FULL PAGE SPLASH PICTURE INSIDE GEN 13'S HIGH TECH HEADQUARTERS. EVERYBODY...WHICH INCLUDES FAIRCHILD, RAINMAKER, FREEFALL, BURNOUT AND GRUNGE, IS JUST LOUNGING AROUND LOOKING BORED. BURNOUT SIT'S SOMEWHERE YOWARDS THE LEFT FOREGROUND. HE HAS CONJURED A NAKED DANCING GIRL MADE OUT OF FLAME ON THE PALM OF HIS HAND AND IS ONLY JUST LOOKING UP FROM THIS TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND AS QUEELOCK, GEN THIRTEEN'S INTERDIMENSIONAL PET, COMES BURSTING OUT OF A HYPER-SPACE COLOUR-EFFECT IN THE CENTRE OF THE IMMEDIATE BACKGROUND, COMING TOWARDS US AND HOLDING SOMETHING IN ITS MOUTH, OR HOWEVER IT USUALLY HOLDS THINGS. SOMEWHERE TOWARDS THE RIGHT FOREGROUND WE SEE RAINMAKER SITTING AROUND READING A BOOK: *RUBYFRUIT JUNGLE* BY *RITA MAE BROWN*. SHE TOO LOOKS UP AS THE QUEELOCK EXPLODES LUMINOUSLY INTO THE SPACE OF THE ROOM. MORE TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND, FAIRCHILD LOWERS THE MASSIVE WEIGHTS THAT SHE HAS BEEN WORKING OUT WITH AND ALSO LOOKS AT THE QUEELOCK, AS DOES GRUNGE, WHO IS HANGING UPSIDE DOWN FROM A BEAM OR SOMETHING, READING A COMIC BOOK...PROBABLY ITS A COPY OF "BLOOD-SPLASHED HOOTERS" OR SOMETHING. FREEFALL, FLOATING CROSS-LEGGED IN FRONT OF THE TELEVISION IN THE BACKGROUND ALSO LOOKS ROUND. IN THE QYEELOCK'S JAWS HE IS HOLDING SOME SORT OF LARGE AND PECULIAR PACKAGE IN A SORT OF CLEAR PLASTIC ENVELOPE THAT HAS ALL SORTS OF HIGH TECH FASTENINGS AND IS CLEARLY THE WORK OF AN ADVANCED INTERDIMENSIONAL CIVILIZATION. THERE IS SOME SORT OF LARGE, FLAT AND STRANGELY SHAPED SILVERY METAL PLATE . INSIDE THE TRANSLUCENT ENVELOPE, BUT WE CAN'T REALLY MAKE OUT WHAT IT IS. IN FACT, THE TRANSLUCENT ENVELOPE WILL TURN OUT TO BE THE HIGH TECH INTERDIMENSIONAL EQUIVALENT OF A GIANT MYLAR BAG, BUT WE DON'T FIND THAT OUT UNTIL THE LAST FOUR PAGES OF THE BOOK. IN THE FOREGROUND, BURNOUR HAS A SOUR AND BORED EXPRESSION AS HE GLANCES UP FROM HIS FANCING FIRE-GIRL TOWARDS THE QYEELOCK AND ITS MYSTERIOUS PARCEL. THE GEN THIRTEEN LOGO GOES UP TOWARDS THE TOP LEFT SOMEWHERE, WHILE THE TITLE LETTERING GOES DOWN TOWARDS THE BOTTOM.

LOGO : GEN 13

BURNOUT : Uh-oh.

BURNOUT : LASSIE'S come home, and I think she's trying to TELL us something.

TITLE CAPTION : *You will never forget..*

TITLE : THE COMING OF THE COLLECTOR!!!

PAGE 2.**PANEL 1.**

NOW A THREE PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE HAVE GRUNGE HANGING UPSIDE DOWN SOMEWHERE AROUND THE CENTRE FOREGROUND, HAVING RETURNED TO THE READING OF HIS COMIC BOOK. IN THE BACKGROUND BEYOND HIM ON THE RIGHT WE SEE FREEFALL CROUCHING DOWN TO WELCOME QUEELOCK BACK HOME. SHE LOOKS PLEASED TO SEE HIM. FAIRCHILD, MORE OVER TO THE RIGHT, IS STOOPING TO EXAMINE THE STRANGE PARCEL THAT THE INTERDIMENSIONAL CREATURE HAS BROUGHT IN WITH HIM, SHE LOOKS PUZZLED AS SHE PEERS AT THE PECULIAR PLASTIC-WRAPPED ITEM. MAYBE IN THE BACKGROUND WE SEE BURNOUT OR RAINMAKER JUST LOOKING DISINTERESTED, IF THERE'S ROOM.

FREEFALL : Hey, QUEELOCK! He's just been out for his nightly WALK, that's all.

FREEFALL : See, what's great about INTERDIMENSIONAL pets is that you don't have to bother installing a CAT-FLAP.

GRUNGE : Yeah, but, like, even I don't have to go into a completely different UNIVERSE to take a DUMP, man!

FAIRCHILD : God knows we've HINTED enough times. Hey, he's GOT something...

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE DOWN A FLOOR LEVEL, AND IN THE FOREGROUND FAIRCHILD IS TRYING TO PULL OPEN THE TRANSLUCENT PACKAGING, BUT WITHOUT RESULT. FREEFALL KNEELS BESIDE HER, LOOKING ON AND PETTING QUEELOCK, WHO NESTLES IN HER LAP. FROM CHAIR IN THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND BURNOUT SHOOTS THEM A CYNICAL LOOK. FREEFALL FROWNS PROTECTIVELY, STROKING THE QUEELOCK. UP TO YOU WHETHER WE SEE GRUNGE AND RAINMAKER OR NOT. IF WE DO, GRUNGE IS DISMOUNTING FROM HIS BEAM TO COME OVER AND TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT QUEELOCK DRAGGED IN, AND MAYBE RAINMAKER IS PUTTING DOWN HER BOOK AND STARTING TO GET UP FROM HER CHAIR.

BURNOUT : It's not something DEAD that it's brought in as a GIFT again, is it?

BURNOUT : There was that thing with FEATHERS and five HEADS we found under the COUCH...

FREEFALL : Look, it's just the NATURE of interdimensional teleporting sort of dragony-type things to do that... I guess.

FREEFALL : Anyway, this is wrapped in some kind of PROTECTIVE COVERING...

FAIRCHILD : It must be something PRECIOUS, judging from the strength of this translucent ENVELOPE. Even I can't open it!

PANEL 3.

LOOKING SORT OF SMUG AND KNOW-IT-ALL, BURNOUT NOW TAKES THE PACKAGE FROM FAIRCHILD AND IGNITES ONE OF HIS FINGERS INTO A BLUE ACETYLENE FLAME, WITH WHICH HE STARTS TO CUT THROUGH THE PLASTIC. FAIRCHILD ROLLS HER EYES AND LOOKS BORED WITH HIM. FROM THE BACKGROUND, RAINMAKER APPROACHES, LOOKING CONCERNED AS SHE SPEAKS TO FAIRCHILD.

PAGE 2.**PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)**

BURNOUT : Give it HERE! Man, what IS it with CHICKS and PACKAGING? It's like whenever the LID needs taking off the COOKIE JAR...

FAIRCHILD : Bobby, you KNOW us girls just can't get enough of your musky, cave-man MASCULINITY.

RAINMAKER : Caitlin, should we be DOING this? We don't know where Queeclock FOUND that thing.

PAGE 3.**PANEL 1.**

NOW ANOTHER THREE PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, FAIRCHILD STANDS TO THE LEFT, LOOKING DOWN AT THE OTHERS WITH A GROWN UP AND RESPONSIBLE EXPRESSION, HER HANDS SPREAD AS SHE TRIES TO TALK SENSIBLY TO THEM. KNEELING ON THE FLOOR, FREEFALL TURNS ROUND AND LOOKS UP AT FAIRCHILD WITH AN INCREDULOUS SNEER. MORE TO THE RIGHT, BURNOUT HAS FINISHED CUTTING THROUGH THE TOP OF THE EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL POLYBAG. HE SMILES SARCASTICALLY. GRUNGE LOOKS DOWN AT THE OPEN BAG WITH A SLIGHTLY STUPID EXPRESSION FROM THE RIGHT OF THE PANEL.

FAIRCHILD : Yeah, point. C'mon, guys. Sarah's right. That stuff could be alien BIOLOGICAL WARFARE samples, or ANYTHING!

FREEFALL : GOD, Caitlin, you sound like somebody's MOM! We're TEENAGERS! We can't be expected to think about stuff like THAT!

BURNOUT : Anyway, too LATE. I got it OPEN, so we've all probably got only seconds to LIVE. Anybody wanna have SEX?

GRUNGE : Well, YEAH, eventually, but, like, not with YOU, guy. No OFFENCE. What IS it, anyway?

PANEL 2.

NOW BURNOUT IS STANDING, HOLDING THE PACKAGE THROUGH THE PLASTIC WRAPPING, BUT WITH THE TOP PULLED DOWN TO REVEAL THE UPPER REACHES OF THE THING INSIDE. THIS IS A LARGE, FLAT SHEET OF SILVERY METAL WITH STRANGELY SHAPED CURVED AND SCALLOPED EDGES, LIKE A GIANT ALIEN JIGSAW PIECE OF SOME SORT. INLAID INTO THE SURFACE OF THE THING THAT BURNOUT IS LOOKING AT ARE A NUMBER OF SQUARES AND RECTANGLES ABOUT A QUARTER OF AN INCH DEEP, RECESSED INTO THE PLATE ITSELF. THESE ARE ARRANGED ALMOST LIKE COMIC BOOK PANELS, ALTHOUGH THE SIMILARITY SHOULDN'T BE TOO EVIDENT JUST YET. THE INSET "PANELS" ARE ALL BLANK. THERE IS SOME SORT OF ALIEN CALLIGRAPHY ETCHED INTO THE TOP OF THE SHEET OF METAL. BURNOUT STARES DOWN IN PUZZLEMENT AT WHAT WILL EVENTUALLY TURN OUT TO BE AN ALIEN COMIC BOOK. FREEFALL PEERS EXCITEDLY AT THE PLATE OVER BURNOUT'S SHOULDER. RAINMAKER, STANDING A LITTLE BEHIND FREEFALL, SMILES AS SHE SPEAKS TO HER. UP TO YOU WHETHER WE SEE FAIRCHILD AND GRUNGE LOOKING ON FROM THE BACKGROUND.

PAGE 3.**PANEL 2 (FROM OVER)**

BURNOUT : I...I dunno. It's got all these little PANELS sunk into it, but they're all BLANK. There's some sort of alien WRITING up at the TOP...

FREEFALL : Yeah? Hey, I once got this INTERDIMENSIONAL PHRASEBOOK that Queelock brought back.

FREEFALL : If that's one of, like, the major Ultraspace LANGUAGES then maybe I can READ it! Didn't know I was BI-LINGUAL, huh?

RAINMAKER : Well, personally, I'm glad you're at least bi-SOMETHING. What does it SAY?

PANEL 3.

NOW WE ARE LOOKING OVER FREEFALL'S SHOULDER AS SHE STANDS ROUGHLY HALF FIGURE FACING AWAY FROM US IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND. SHE HAD TAKEN THE OPENED PACKAGING FROM BURNOUT AND IS HOLDING IT, LIKE HE DID, BY THE PLASTIC WRAP THAT STILL PARTIALLY ENCASES IT, LEAVING ONLY THE TOP REVEALED. FREEFALL SQUINTS AT THE ALIEN CALLIGRAPHY AT THE TOP OF THE METAL SHEET IN PUZZLEMENT. FROM THE NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND, AN ENTHUSIASTIC-LOOKING GRUNGE LUNGES FORWARDS WITH ONE HUGE HAND, ATTEMPTING TO GRAB THE METAL SHEET BY ITS TOP, EXPOSED EDGE. UP TO YOU WHETHER WE SEE THE OTHERS LOOKING ON FROM THE NEAR BACKGROUND.

FREEFALL : Uhh...I THINK it says something like "STORIES INSIDE WONDERFUL"...or maybe "WONDEFUL STORIES INSIDE".

FREEFALL : Then underneath that it says...I dunno. This GRAMMAR is strange. I think it says "You will pleasantly absorb talking-picture-narrative".

GRUNGE : HEY! Talking PICTURES! That's, like, some alien MOVIE, right? Maybe this is the PLAYBOY CHANNEL of DIMENSION Z! Lemme SEE it!

PAGE 4.**PANEL 1.**

NOW ANOTHER THREE PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, OVER TOWARDS THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND, WE SEE THAT GRUNGE HAS PULLED THE METAL SHEET COMPLETELY FREE OF ITS MYLAR WRAP, WHICH FLUTTERS LIMPLY TO THE FLOOR. BURNOUT LOOKS AT GRUNGE WITH MILD ALARM AND HOLDS UP HIS HANDS IN A CAUTIONING GESTURE, OVER TO THE FAR LEFT. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, WE SEE FREEFALL FROWNING AND CHEWING ONE FINGER NAIL, DEEP IN THOUGHT AS SHE TRIES TO REMEMBER THE RULES OF EXTRADIMENSIONAL LANGUAGE.

BURNOUT : Uh, Grunge, me and ROXY weren't actually HOLDING that thing, except through its COVERING. I don't know if you should TOUCH it, man...

GRUNGE : Aww, come ON! Roxy said it was only a MOVIE!

FREEFALL : Thinking about it, the SUBJECT usually goes at the END of the sentence, which means it's not "You will pleasantly absorb talking-picture-narrative".

FREEFALL : It's more like...uhh...oh. Yeah. I got it....

PAGE 4.**PANEL 2.**

NOW, OVER TO THE LEFT, WE SEE FREEFALL FULL FIGURE, LOOKING SORT OF PLEASED WITH HERSELF THAT SHE FINALLY FIGURED OUT THE CORRECT TRANSLATION. MORE TOWARDS THE CENTRE WE SEE THAT THE METAL PLATE HELD IN ONE OF GRUNGE'S HUGE HANDS IS STARTING GLOW WITH A WEIRD COLOUR EFFECT. NOT ONLY THAT, BUT IT SEEMS TO BE SUCKING GRUNGE'S OTHER HAND DTRAIGHT INTO ITS SURFACE. GRUNGE LOOKS STARTLED. FAIRCHILD ALSO LOOKS STARTLED AS SHE GRABS HIS SHOULDER AND TRIES TO PULL HIM BACK. BURNOUT AND RAINMAKER LOOK EQUALLY TAKEN ABACK AS THEY LOOK ON FROM THE SIDELINES.

FREEFALL : It's more like "TALKING-PICTURE-NARRATIVE will pleasantly absorb YOU!"

GRUNGE : WHOAHH!

FAIRCHILD : GRUNGE!

PANEL 3.

NOW EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE DISSOLVING INTO A FLOOD OF COLOURED SPARKS, INCLUDING THE FIVE YOUNGSTERS. GRUNGE, TOWARDS THE LEFT FOREGROUND AND STILL HOLDING THE METAL PLATE, LPPKS COMICALLY TERRIFIED AS BOTH HIM AND THE PLATE DISINTEGRATE INTO GLITTERING PHOTONS. MORE TOWARDS THE RIGHT, FAIRCHILD AND THE OTHERS LOOK DOWN AT THEIR BODIES IN DISBELIEF (WELL, WOULDN'T YOU?) AS THEY TOO START TO SPARKLE AND SEEMINGLY DISSOLVE INTO COLOURED STATIC.

GRUNGE : AAAAAGH! They oughtta have RATINGS on those things, man!
We're just KIDS!

FAIRCHILD : W-We're VANISHING! What's HAPPENING to us? Where are we...

PAGE 5.**PANEL 1.**

NOW WE HAVE A BIG FULL PAGE PICTURE TO KICK OFF JIM LEE'S SECTION. JIM, WHAT I WANT TO DO HERE AND FOR THE NEXT EIGHT PAGES IS TO EVOKE A PORTRAIT OF GEN THIRTEEN AS THE CLASSIC EARLY LEE-KIRBY X MEN. THAT DOESN'T MEAN THAT I WANT THE ART TO EVOKE THE KIRBY X-MEN, BUT JUST THAT I WANT THE COSTUMES, AND CHARACTERS AND SITUATIONS TO BE LIKE THE EARLY X-MEN. THE ART CAN EVOKE WHATEVER YOUR FAVORITE PERIOD OF THE X-MEN WAS...PROBABLY YOUR OWN, THINKING ABOUT IT. ANYWAY, IN THIS FIRST SPLASH PANEL, STANDING TO THE LEFT FOREGROUND WE HAVE A RESTYLED FAIRCHILD. SHE IS WEARING A VARIATION ON THE ORIGINAL X-MEN BLACK AND YELLOW OUTFIT, BUT WITH A BIG "G" ON THE BELT INSTEAD OF AN X. THE COLOURS AND STYLE OF THE OUTFIT SHOULD ALSO BE SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT TO THE ORIGINAL, JUST SO LONG AS IT IS REMINISCENT OF THE ORIGINAL BOOK. CAITLIN HAS A BLACK HALF-HOOD WITH HER HAIR SPILLING OUT THE BACK LIKE THE ORIGINAL MARVEL GIRL. SHE STANDS FACING TOWARDS US INSIDE A PLACE THAT

PAGE 5.**PANEL 1 (FROM OVER)**

LOOKS LIKE THE X-MEN'S ORIGINAL DANGER ROOM, AND SHE STANDS WITH ONE HAND RAISED TO HER LIPS AND A VAGUELY PUZZLED LOOK ON HER FACE AS IF SHE'S JUST FORGOTTEN SOMETHING. SLIGHTLY TO OUR RIGHT AND A STEP FURTHER BACK FROM HER WE SEE A NEW VERSION OF BURNOUT, ALSO IN THE STANDARDIZED X-MEN TYPE UNIFORM. IN HIS CASE, HOWEVER, THE REVEALED LOWER PART OF HIS FACE IS ENCLOSED IN A PLEXIGLASS BUBBLE, AND THERE ARE ALSO SEALED GLASS LENSES OVER THE EYES OF THE MASK. BURNOUT'S HANDS ARE ENCASED IN HUGE HEAVY THERMAL SEALED GLOVES. THE IDEA, AT LEAST IN THIS EIGHT PAGE VARIANT UNIVERSE, IS THAT HE BURSTS INTO FLAME IF THE AIR REACHES HIM, AND THUS SHOOTS FLAMES FROM HIS HANDS WHEN HE TAKES HIS GLOVES OFF LIKE A KIND OF MANUAL VERSION OF CYCLOPS. HE LOOKS WITH QUIET HIDDEN LONGING TOWARDS CAITLIN AS HE SPEAKS TO HER HERE. SOMEWHERE TOWARDS THE LEFT BACKGROUND WE SEE A NEW VERSION OF GRUNGE, HANGING FROM SOME FIXTURE IN A COSTUME THAT LEAVES HIS MASSIVE HANDS AND FEET BARE, LIKE THE ORIGINAL BEAST. HE TOO WEARS A HALF-HOOD. FREEFALL IS FLYING IN THE UPPER REACHES OF THE BACKGROUND AND PERFORMING CLASSIC ANGEL-LIKE ZIG-ZAG FLIGHT MANOEUVRES, ALSO WEARING THE STANDARD COSTUME. RAINMAKER IS ALSO VISIBLE SOMEWHERE, PERHAPS QUIETLY EXERCISING HER POWER BY CONJURING A MINIATURE RAINSTORM A FOOT OR TWO IN FRONT OF HER. ENTERING THE ROOM FROM THE BACKGROUND IN A HIGH-TECH FLOATING WHEELCHAIR WE SEE LYNCH, LOOKING GRAVE AS HE ENTERS THE ROOM WITH ONE HAND ON THE PANEL SET INTO THE ARM OF THE CHAIR, DIRECTING IT. HE HAS A BLANKET OVER HIS LAP. THE LOGO GOES DOWN AT THE BOTTOM, AND IF POSSIBLE I'D LIKE YOU TO ACTUALLY GET A LOGO DESIGNED THAT'S SIMILAR TO THE STYLE OF THE ORIGINAL X-MEN LOGO. THE SAME GOES FOR THE COLOURING AND LETTERING IN GENERAL DURING THIS SEQUENCE AND THROUGHOUT THE REST OF THE BOOK: WHERE POSSIBLE, IF IT'S NOT TOO MUCH TROUBLE, COULD WE TRY TO RECREATE THE FEEL OF THE ERA WE'RE PASTICHING AS CLOSELY AS POSSIBLE? I KNOW IT SEEMS OVER ELABORATE, PERHAPS, TO GET EVERY LITTLE DETAIL RIGHT, BUT IN MY EXPERIENCE OF COMIC FANS THEY REALLY DO NOTICE AND APPRECIATE THESE THINGS.

PAGE 5.**PANEL 1 (FROM OVER)**

FAIRCHILD : ...going?
 FAIRCHILD : Uh...what was I SAYING? I have the strangest feeling that something IMPORTANT just happened!
 BURNOUT : Don't worry about it, MEGA-GIRL! There's no threat that I couldn't burn AWAY with a HAND-BLAST if I only remove my airtight GLOVES!
 BURNOUT (THINX) : ...although the same CURSED POWER stops me from ever TOUCHING Caitlin, or HOLDING her, or telling her how much I LOVE her!
 LYNCH : I hope you're right, SALAMANDER! My Genetic Anomaly Location-Vector Operating Network, GALVON, registers massive approaching DANGER!
 ABOVE LOGO : *Jim Lee Presents*
 LOGO : The Astounding GEN MEN

PAGE 6.**PANEL 1.**

TWO PANEL PAGE, OF WHICH THE SECOND PANEL IS THE BIGGEST. NOW, IN THE BACKGROUND, WE SEE RAINMAKER ON THE LEFT CONJURING HER MINIATURE THUNDERSTORM WHILE FREEFALL FLIES EFFORTLESSLY BETWEEN A NUMBER OF JACK KIRBY BARS THAT ARE SUDDENLY SLIDING OUT OF THE WALL OF THE DANGER ROOM. GRUNGE IS SWINGING, BEAST LIKE, ON THE SAWM BARS. TOWARDS THE CENTRE-RIGHT OF THE MIDDLEGROUND WE SEE LYNCH SITTING IN HIS HOVER-CHAIR, FACING SLIGHTLY AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THE THREE TEAM MEMBERS IN THE BACKGROUND AND FLANKED ON EITHER SIDE BY FAIRCHILD AND BURNOUT. HE LOOKS THOUGHTFUL AND SERIOUS AS HE WATCHES THE TEAM MEMBERS WORK OUT. STANDING BESIDE HIS CHAIR, BURNOUT TURNS AND LOOKS WITH ALARM TOWARDS OFF PANEL IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, FROM WHERE IVANA'S OFF PANEL BALLOON ISSUES.

RAINMAKER : We'll handle it, Professor G! If not with my METEORO-MANIPULATION, then with ZEPHYR'S aerobatic skills or APE'S ability to ape anything he TOUCHES!

LYNCH : You're probably RIGHT, SQUALL, but I have a bad FEELING.....

IVANA (OFF) : So you SHOULD, Professor G...

PANEL 2.

BIG PANEL NOW. WE SEE THE VARIOUS GEN-MEN STANDING AROUND THE FOREGROUND, LOOKING AWAY FROM US IN VARIOUS ATTITUDES OF SHOCK. HANGING SUSPENDED IN THE AIR IN THE BACKGROUND, IN THE CENTRE OF A SWIRLING VORTEX OF SOME SORT OF SPECIAL EFFECT THAT WE CAN ONLY ASSUME IS "ANIMAL MAGNETISM", WE SEE IVANA, ONLY SHE'S WEARING A COSTUME AND CAPE VERY SIMILAR TO A FEMALE VERSION OF THE MAGNETO COSTUME, BUT AGAIN WITH SLIGHT DIFFERENCES OF STYLE AND COLOUR TO MAKE IT LOOK DIFFERENT EVEN THOUGH IT LOOKS THE SAME, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

PAGE 6.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

IVANA : ...especially when you've heard the dark tidings of THE MISTRESS OF
ANIMAL MAGNETISM!

BURNOUT : VIVANA!

PAGE 6.**PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)**

IVANA : ...especially when you've heard the dark tidings of THE MISTRESS OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM!

BURNOUT : VIVANA!

PAGE 7.**PANEL 1.**

NOW A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE HAVE VIVANA'S ARM AND A BIT OF HER SIDE VISIBLE ENTERING THE PANEL FROM THE LEFT FOREGROUND AS SHE FACES AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND, AS IF WE WERE CROUCHING BEHIND HER. LOOOKING PAST THIS WE SEE THE X-MEN VERSIONS OF FAIRCHILD, BURNOUT AND RAINMAKER FACING BOTH US AND THE MOSTLOY OFF-PANEL VIVANA. AT FAIRCHILD'S URGING, THE BURNOUT VARIANT AS STARTING TO REMOVE ONE OF HIS BIG PROTECTIVE GLOVES. TO OUT RIGHT OF HIM, RAINMAKER ALSO LOOKS WORRIED.

FAIRCHILD : QUICKLY, Robert! Use your FLAMING FIST to repel her before she ENSNARES you with her powers of PHYSICAL ATTRACTION!

BURNOUT : I HEAR you, Mega-Girl! Okay, Vivana...the GLOVES are OFF!

RAINMAKER : H-HURRY, Salamander! Even I find myself responding to her unnatural ALLURE!

PANEL 2.

NOW A FULL FIGURE SHOT OF ALL RELEVANT PARTIES, WITH BURNOUT AND RAINMAKER OVER TO THE LEFT, AND VIVANA OVER TO THE RIGHT. BURNOUT HAS TAKEN OFF ONE GLOVE AND IS FIRING A HAND-BLAST OF FLAME TOWARDS THE RIGHT OF PANEL, WHERE IT NARROWLY MISSES THE HISSING AND CURSING VIVANA AS SHE THROWS HERSELF OUT OF THE WAY. RAINMAKER IS ALSO CONJURING UP A WHIRLING MINIATURE WINDSTORM IN FRONT OF HER, ABOUT TO USE IT AGAINST THE CURSING VILLAINESS.

BURNOUT : FIGHT it, Squall! My FINGERS OF FIRE will soon reduce her plans to ASHES...

RAINMAKER : ...which I can SCATTER with my raging WINDS!

VIVANA : You FOOLS! I'm not here to ATTACK! I'm here to warn you of a DANGER threatening us ALL!

PANEL 3.

NOW THE MEMBERS OF THE TEAM GATHER MENACINGLY AROUND THE DEFIANT-LOOKING VILLAINESS. GRUNGE, TOWARDS THE LEFT, MOVES TOWARDS HER LOOKING MENACING, WHILE THE CHAIR-BOUND LYNCH COUNSELS CAUTION, LOOKING WORRIED IN THE BACKGROUND.

GRUNGE : Then COMMUNICATE it to us, you coquettish courtesan of consummate CRUELTY!

LYNCH : Be careful, my GEN-MEN! Never forget that it was Vivana's irresistible POWER that left me paralyzed below the WAIST!

VIVANA : IMBECILES! Don't you UNDERSTAND? THEY are coming! The ones who would destroy us ALL because we are DIFFERENT!

PAGE 7.**PANEL 4.**

NOW, ALL OF A SUDDEN, THE WALLD AND FLOOR OF THE ROOM THEY ARE IN START TO SHAKE, AS IF FROM AN APROACHING EARTHQUAKE. PERHAPS DIVOTS OF PLASTER TRAILING PLUMES OF DUST FALL FROM THE CEILING ABOVE THEM. VIVANA STANDS FACING NUS IN THE FOREGROUND, STARING TOWARDS US AND GESTURING AS IF PROPHECYING OF SOME TERRIBL FATE. RANGED OUT BEHIND HER WE SEE THE VARIOUS MEMBERS OF GEN 13, ALL LOOKING AROUND THEM IN ALARM AS THEIR HEADQUARTERS STARTS TO QUIVER AND SHAKE.

VIVANA : Can't you feel the very GROUND shake at their APPROACH?

VIVANA : They were created to to STAMP OUT our kind by people who FEAR us because we look ABNORMAL! Who ENVY us because OUR abilities exceed their OWN!

VIVANA : They HATE us because we wear costumes they find STRANGE and HORRIFYING! They hate us because one day we will REPLACE them on the Earth...

PAGE 8.**PANEL 1.**

NOW A FULL PAGE PICTURE. WE SEE VIVANA AND THE VAROUS GEN-MEN ARRANGED ACROSS THE FOREGROUND, LOOKING IN AWE AND SHOCK TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND, AS THROUGH THE FAR WALL THEIR SUDDENLY BURSTS THE MASSIVE AND TOWERING FORMS OF THESE REALLY BIGH SCARY IDENTICAL ROBOTS THAT LOOK MORE THAN A LITTLE REMINISCENT OF THE SENTINELS FROM THE X-MEN, BUT WITH COLOUR AND DESIGH DIFFERENCES SO THAT THEY DON'T LOOK TOO CLOSE. FREEFALL, HOVERING ANGEL-LIKE IN THE AIR, LOOKS AT THESE NEW GIANT INTRUDERS WITH ALARM , AS DO HER TEAM MATES.

VIVANA : ...they hate us because we're YOUNG!

1ST. SENTINEL (ROBOT LETTERING) : *Observation: This unit detects high levels of OESTROGEN, TESTOSTERONE and SKIN DISORDER.*

1ST. SENTINEL (ROBOT LETTERING) : *Conclusion: JUVENILES present. Vaporize immediately, according to our DIRECTIVE.*

FREEFALL : Holy SMOKES! I-It CAN'T be! It's those soulless, synthetic scourges of youth-kind
THE JUVENIHILLATORS!!!

PAGE 9.**PANEL 1.**

NOW A TWO PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE SEE THE SENTINEL-LIKE CREATURES ATTACK. THE LEADING ONE RAISES ONE PALM AND FIRES SOME SORT OF REPULSOR RAY AT FREEFALL, WHO ONLY AVOIDS IN WITH A RAPID ZIG-ZAGGING AERIAL MANEOUVRE, LOOKING SHOCKED AS SHE DOES SO. MAYBE IN THE BACKGROUND WE CAN SEE RAINMAKER FIRING LIGHTNING BOLTS AT ANOTHER OF THE GIANT ROBOTS WHILE GRUNGE LEAPS ONTO ITS SHOULDERS AND STARTS POUNDING IT. IN THE

PAGE 9.**PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)**

FOREGROUND, BURNOUT SHOUTS ORDERS TO A CONFUSED AND UNCERTAIN LOOKING FAIRCHILD, WHO STANDS TOWARDS THE RIGHT FOREGROUND LOOKING ON AT THE FIGHT SCENE WITH A FROWN OF BEWILDERMENT.

1ST. SENTINEL (ROBOT) : *Analysis : Use of slang expression "Holy Smokes" indicates teenage SPEECH-PATTERNS. Traces of unusually-colored HAIR-DYE confirm identification:*

1ST. SENTINEL (ROBOT) : *Target is a JUVE. Terminate at once!*

F.X (RAY BLAST) : **SHWOOOMMM!**

FREEFALL : Omigosh! That ANTI-ADOLESCENT ray only just MISSED me!

BURNOUT : Don't worry, ZEPHYR! Remember how Professor G taught us to fight as a TEAM! DODGE them with your powers of YOUTHFUL FLIGHTINESS!

BURNOUT : MEGA-GIRL, use the power of your adolescent GROWTH-SPURT to topple their LEADER!

PANEL 2.

NOW, IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, FAIRCHILD LOOKS A BIT CONFUSED AND FAINT, RAISING ONE HAND TO HER BROW. FROM THE CENTRE OF THE MIDDLEGROUND, BURNOUT LOOKS TOWARDS HER, LOOKING WORRIED. IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND WE SEE VIVANA AS SHE DEFIANTLY SQUARES UP TO THE LEADING SENTINEL-LIKE ROBOT, RAISING HER ARMS AS IF TO CAST A SPELL AT IT. AS HE STARES PITYINGLY AT FAIRCHILD, MAYBE BURNOUT STILL HAS ONE GLOVE OFF WITH ONE OF HIS HANDS SMOULDERING AND BURNING WITH PLASMA-FIRE AS HE GAZES AT HER.

FAIRCHILD : B-But I feel so DISORIENTED! It's as if we're somehow in the wrong WORLD, but haven't REALIZED! As if our MEMORIES had changed TOO...

BURNOUT (THINX) : Poor CAITLIN! She's so CONFUSED! If only I could COMFORT her! If only my POWER didn't stop me from HOLDING her, her body against MINE...

BURNOUT (THINX) : Instead, I'm left with NOTHING! Nothing except my FLAMING FIST!

VIVANA : Stand ASIDE, weaklings! VIVANA will deal with them!

PAGE 10.**PANEL 1.**

NOW A THREE PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE'RE LOOKING DOWN OVER THE SHOULDER OF THE LEADING SENTINEL AT VIVANA AS SHE STANDS THWERE DOWN BELOW LOOKING UP AT THE CREATURE DEFIANTLY AND RAISING HER ARMS AS IF TO CAST A SPELL. SHE ALSO, INCIDENTALLY LOOKS TREMENDOUSLY SEXY

PAGE 10.**PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)**

IST. SENTINEL (ROBOT) : *Obsevation: Provocative body language suggests target is VIVANA, Mistress of ANIMAL MAGNETISM!*

IST. SENTINEL (ROBOT) : *Observation: Fortunately, as machines, we are IMMUNE to her ATTRACTIVENESS...*

VIVANA : HA! That is what ALL you accursed OLDIES say before you are faced by the HORMONAL HOLOCAUST that is...VIVANA!

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE. IN THE BACKGROUND, VIVANA FACES UP AND AWAY FROM US WITH SOME SORT OF RADIATING MAGNETIC EFFECT PATTERN SPREADING FROM HER RAISED HANDS. THE SENTINEL LOOMING ABOVE HER STARTS TO REEL AND TREMBLE, LOOKING DISORIENTED. IN THE FOREGROUND, GRUNGE LOOKS AT THIS AS HE SPEAKS WORRIEDLY TO THE CHAIR-BOUND LYNCH.

SENTINEL (ROBOT) : *Observation: Experiencing alternative waves of LECHERY and ashamed SELF-HATRED! DANGER! DANGER!*

GRUNGE : Illustrious LEADER? Might I politely point out that our alluring ADVERSARY is about to drastically DISABLE her automated ANTAGONIST?

LYNCH : APE is RIGHT, my students! That JUVENIHILLATOR is about to EXPLODE from mid-life male INSECURITY! Get yourselves to SAFETY!

PANEL 3.

NOW THE CHAIRBOUND LYNCH IS FACING US IN THE FOREGROUND, LOOKING AT THE OFF PANEL FIGHT BETWEEN VIVANA AND THE SENTINEL-LIKE THING. IN THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND WE SEE RAINMAKER BLASTING ANOTHER SENTINEL, THAT WAS BLOCKING THEIR PATH TO THE EXIT, DISABLING IT WITH A SMALL BALCK STORM CLOUD AND A CRACKLING LIGHTNING BOLT. AS THE OTHER GEN-MEN HEAD TOWARDS THE EXIT IN THE BACKGROUND, BURNOUT LOOKS BACK WITH CONCERN TOWARDS THE MOTIONLESS LYNCH IN THE FOREGROUND. LYNCH LOOKS DOWN IN SHAME AS HE RELUCTANTLY CONFESSES TO HIS AGE.

RAINMAKER : I'll clear these TEEN-O-PHOBIC TERRORS from out path with one of my stormy adoloescent OUTBURSTS!

F.X. (BOLT) : *SHRRAZZZAKK*

BURNOUT : What about YOU, professor? Aren't you coming WITH us?

LYNCH : No, my children. It's better that I SACRIFICE myself rather than slow you down. You see, I'm...

LYNCH : Well, I'm almost FORTY-SIX.

PAGE 11.**PANEL 1.**

NOW A TWO PANEL PAGE, OF WHICH THE BOTTOM PANEL IS PROBABLY

PAGE 11.**PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)**

THE BIGGEST. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE LOOKING DOWN FROM AN ELEVATED VIEWPOINT, MORE OR LESS OVER THE SHOULDER OF THE REELING SENTINEL THAT WE SEE IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND. OVER IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND WE SEE BURNOUT HERDING THE OTHER GEN-MEN OFF PANEL TO SAFETY, LEAVIN THE CHAIR-BOUND LYNCH SITTING LOOKING ON AS IN THE FOREGROUND VIVANA EXTERTS HER RADIANT POWER AGAINST THE STAGGERING AND REELING SENTINELM, WHO BY NOW HAVE SMOKE AND SPARKS COMING FROM ITS HEAD AND IS CLEARLY ONLY SECONDS FROM BLOWING.

BURNOUT : > *Choke!*< The professor is RIGHT! He hasn't got much to live for ANYWAY!

BURNOUT : Let's get ourselves OUT of here before Vivana's AROUSAL-RAYS blow that sad, sexually-confused synthezoid sky HIGH!

SENTINEL (ROBOT) : *Query: What am I thinking? I am old enough to be her parent-unit!* CONTRADICTION! CONTRADICTION!

SENTINEL (ROBOT) : *Prognosis: My HARD DRIVE is OVERHEATING! I'm about to...*

PANEL 2.

NOW, JUST OUTSIDE THE HEADQUARTERS..WHICH IS SITUATED SOMEWHERE IN SOME BIG CITY...WE SEE BURNOUT, FREEFALL, GRUNGE, FAIRCHILD AND RAINMAKER COMING TOWARDS US, HALF RUNNING OR FLYING AND HALF BEING BLOWN BY THE FORDCE OF THE BLINDING EXPLOSION THAT IS DEMOLISHING THEIR HEADQUARTERS IN THE BACKGROUND IMMEDIATELY BEHIND THEM. THEY THROW THEMSELVES FORWARD TO SAFETY AS THE EXPLOSION ERUPTS AT THEIR HEELS. (INCIDENTALLY, WHEN WE SEE GRUNGE RUNNING DURING THIS SEQUENCE, COULD HE BE SORT OF RUNNING ON HIS KNUCKLES, THE WAY THE ORIGINAL BEAST IN THE X-MEN USED TO? JUST A THOUGHT.)

F.X. (EXPLOSION) : **BUHWHOOOOOMMM**

PAGE 12.**PANEL 1.**

NOW A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, OVER IN THE BACKGROUND WE SEE THE FIVE YOUNGSTERS LOOKING IN SHOCK TOWARDS THEIR SMOULDERNG AND UTTERLY DEMOLISHED HEADQUARTERS, WHICH HAS COLLAPSED AND BURIED LYNCH, VIVANA AND THE SENTINELS SOMEWHERE INSIDE IT. AS ALL THE YOUTHS STARE IN NUMB SHOCK AT THE RUBBLE, ONLY FREEFALL IS LOOKING WITH ALARM TOWARDS THE RIGHT FOREGROUND WHERE WE CAN SEE THE FRONT OF A MOB OF HATE-FILLED CIVILLIANS PRESSING INTO THE PICTURE FROM OFF AND STARING WITH LOATHING AS THEY POINT TOWARDS THE COSTUMED TEENAGERS IN THE BACKGROUND.

PAGE 12.**PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)**

BURNOUT : How TRAGIC! The Professor sacrificed his LIFE for us, unless he turns up alive at some point in the future!

BURNOUT : For the first time in our LIVES, we're ALONE!

FREEFALL : N-Not QUITE, leader-man! LOOK!

MAN IN MOB : It's THEM! It's those YOUNG PEOPLE they warned us about on T.V.!

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLES NOW SO THAT THE FRIGHTENED LOOKING GEN MEN ARE STARTING TO RETREAT TOWARDS US IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND WHILE FROM THE LEFT BACKGROUND, A LITTLE UP THE STREET FROM THEM, THE ENRAGED MOB CHARGE TO TOWARDS THEM WAVING STICKS AND BOTTLES AND PICKING UP ROCKS TO THROW. SOME OF THEM EVEN HAVE PLACARDS SAYING "JUVIES GO HOME" OR SOME SIMILAR SLOGAN. THEY ARE FILLED WITH HATE, AND THE YOUNGSTERS IN THE FOREGROUND LOOK APPREHENSIVE AS THEY WATCH THE MOB RUSHING TOWARDS THEM. ONLY FAIRCHILD DOESN'T LOOK READY TO RUN. SHE SHAKES HER HEAD IN DENIAL. THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS WHOLE SITUATION.

WOMAN IN MOB : KILL them! Kill the dirty JUVIES!

MAN IN MOB : They're uncontrollable MONSTERS! BURN them!

BURNOUT : WHY? Why do they always FEAR and MISTRUST us? We'd better get OUT of here!

FAIRCHILD : WAIT! This is all WRONG...

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLES AGAIN. WE SEE THE YOUNGSTERS HERDED UP AGAINST A WALL AND LOOKING MOSTLY SCARED AS ROCKS AND BOTTLES THROWN BY THE OFF PANEL MOB BOUNCE OFF THE WALL NEAR THEM. BURNOUT LOOKS TOWARDS FAIRCHILD IN BEWILDERMENT. SHE HERSELF LOOKS PUZZLED AS SHE TRIES TO EXPLAIN WHAT IS DISTURBING HER.

BURNOUT : What are you SAYING, Mega-Girl?

FAIRCHILD : I'm saying I'm NOT Mega-Girl! We've all been ALTERED!

FAIRCHILD : I remember somebody touching this strange metal PLATE, and then....

PANEL 4.

NOW, AS WITH THE LAST PANEL ON PAGE FOUR, WE SEE THE TEENAGERS STARTING TO DISSOLVE INTO A PSYCHEDELIC EFFECT LOOKING AT THEIR HANDS AND ARMS IN ALARM AS THEY START TO DISINTEGRATE INTO LIGHT AND COLOUR.

FAIRCHILD : ...and then everything started to DISSOLVE!

BURNOUT : Great GUNS! Caitlin's RIGHT...and it's happening AGAIN! Where will we end up this...

Alan Moore

PAGE 12.**PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)**

BURNOUT : How TRAGIC! The Professor sacrificed his LIFE for us, unless he turns up alive at some point in the future!

BURNOUT : For the first time in our LIVES, we're ALONE!

FREEFALL : N-Not QUITE, leader-man! LOOK!

MAN IN MOB : It's THEM! It's those YOUNG PEOPLE they warned us about on T.V.!

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLES NOW SO THAT THE FRIGHTENED LOOKING GEN MEN ARE STARTING TO RETREAT TOWARDS US IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND WHILE FROM THE LEFT BACKGROUND, A LITTLE UP THE STREET FROM THEM, THE ENRAGED MOB CHARGE TO TOWARDS THEM WAVING STICKS AND BOTTLES AND PICKING UP ROCKS TO THROW. SOME OF THEM EVEN HAVE PLACARDS SAYING "JUVIES GO HOME" OR SOME SIMILAR SLOGAN. THEY ARE FILLED WITH HATE, AND THE YOUNGSTERS IN THE FOREGROUND LOOK APPREHENSIVE AS THEY WATCH THE MOB RUSHING TOWARDS THEM. ONLY FAIRCHILD DOESN'T LOOK READY TO RUN. SHE SHAKES HER HEAD IN DENIAL. THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS WHOLE SITUATION.

WOMAN IN MOB : KILL them! Kill the dirty JUVIES!

MAN IN MOB : They're uncontrollable MONSTERS! BURN them!

BURNOUT : WHY? Why do they always FEAR and MISTRUST us? We'd better get OUT of here!

FAIRCHILD : WAIT! This is all WRONG...

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLES AGAIN. WE SEE THE YOUNGSTERS HERDED UP AGAINST A WALL AND LOOKING MOSTLY SCARED AS ROCKS AND BOTTLES THROWN BY THE OFF PANEL MOB BOUNCE OFF THE WALL NEAR THEM. BURNOUT LOOKS TOWARDS FAIRCHILD IN BEWILDERMENT. SHE HERSELF LOOKS PUZZLED AS SHE TRIES TO EXPLAIN WHAT IS DISTURBING HER.

BURNOUT : What are you SAYING, Mega-Girl?

FAIRCHILD : I'm saying I'm NOT Mega-Girl! We've all been ALTERED!

FAIRCHILD : I remember somebody touching this strange metal PLATE, and then....

PANEL 4.

NOW, AS WITH THE LAST PANEL ON PAGE FOUR, WE SEE THE TEENAGERS STARTING TO DISSOLVE INTO A PSYCHEDELIC EFFECT LOOKING AT THEIR HANDS AND ARMS IN ALARM AS THEY START TO DISINTEGRATE INTO LIGHT AND COLOUR.

FAIRCHILD : ...and then everything started to DISSOLVE!

BURNOUT : Great GUNS! Caitlin's RIGHT...and it's happening AGAIN! Where will we end up this....

PAGE 13.

PANEL 1.

NOW A FULL PAGE PICTURE AS WE HAND OVER TO TRAVIS FOR HIS EIGHT

PAGE 13.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

PAGER. WHAT THE GENERAL IDEA IS FOR THIS SECTION IS TO RECEREAATE THE FASHIONABLE WORLD OF THE LATE EIGHTIES-EARLY NINETIES SUPERHERO ARMAGEDDON, WHETHER WE'RE TALKING ABOUT WATCHMEN, DARK KNIGHT, RECENT MARVE SERIES LIKE "RUINS" OR RECENT D.C. SERIES LIKE "KINGDOM COME". IN THIS FIRST OPENING PAGE, WE SEE OLDER AND MORE GRIZZLED VERSIONS OF BURNOUT AND FREEFALL MAKING THEIR WEAY TOWARDS US ACROSS A RUINED LANDSCAPE BENEATH A DARK SKY. BURNOUT AD FREEFALL CAN PRETTY MUCH BE REDESIGNED AS YOU WANT, BEARING IN MIND THAT THIS IS AN "ALTERNATE FUTURE" KIND OF STORY, BUT BOTH OF THEM LOOK WORN DOWN AND WORLD WEARY, AND BOTH OF THEM ARE NOW ADULTS RATHER THAN TEENAGERS. THE LANDSCAPE THAT THEY MAKE THEIR WAY ACROSS IS MADE UP NOT JUST FROM THE RUBBLE OF CULTURE, BUT SPECIFICALLY FROM THE RUBBLE OF *COMIC BOOK* CULTURE. BEHIND THE TWO FIGURES AS THEY APPROACH US, WITH FREEFALL FLOATING IN THE AIR WHILE BURNOUT PICKS HIS WAY ACROSS THE DEBRIS, WE SEE OVERTURNED BUILDINGS THAT ARE RESTING SHATTERED UPON THEIR SIDES. ONE OF THE BUILDINGS IS THE DAILY PLANET BUILDING, WITH THE FAMILIAR SATURN-LIKE GLOBE AND AT LEAST PART OF THE PAPER'S NAME VISIBLE HERE. ANOTHER BUILDING IS THE BAXTER BUILDING, AGAIN WITH ENOUGH OF THE BUILDING'S NAME VISIBLE SOMWEHERE SO THAT THE READERS CAN GUESS THE REST. SCATTERED AMONGST THE RUBBLE THAT BURNOUT IS PICKING HIS WAY ACROSS CAN BE ANY DISCARDED OBJECTS OR ICONS FROM ANY SUPERHERO BOOK YOU CARE TO MENTION. CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SHIELD, SUPERMAN'S TORN CAPE, GRIFTER'S MASK OR THE RUSTING HULK OF AN OLD, SMASHED-IN BAT-SIGNAL SEARCHLIGHT. WHATEVER YOU FEEL LIKE THROWING IN, BASICALLY. THE TWO FORMER TEENAGE HEROES LOOK HAUNTED AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE WRECKAGE TOWARDS US, BENEATH A BLACK SKY THAT IS PERHAPS OCCIASIONALLY SHOT THROUGH WITH THE BLOOD-RED GLOW OF A FALLING METEORITE. THE TITLE LETTERING DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE COULD MAYBE BE IN THE SAME LETTERFACE OF AS THE "KINGDOM COME" LOGO, OR OF ANY SIMILARL END-TIMES-FOR-SUPERHEROES KIND OF BOOK.

BURNOUT : ...time?

FREEFALL : What? I'm sorry...I must have been somewhere ELSE for a while there.

BURNOUT : I said "Is this the End of the Time?"

BURNOUT : Our UNIVERSE and whatever unimaginable industry SUSTAINS it seem to be COLLAPSING into a state of continual APOCALYPSE. It's like ARMAGEDDON is all we have LEFT!

TITLE : **ANOTHER DOOMSDAY, ANOTHER DOLLAR.**

PAGE 14.**PANEL 1.**

NOW A TWO PANEL PAGE, WITH THE FIRST PANEL BY FAR THE BIGGEST.

PAGE 14.**PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)**

WE ARE STILL FOLLOWING BURNOUT AND FREEFALL AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH SOME SORT OF SUPERHERO SHANTY-TOWN OR HOBO SETTLEMENT. UP IN THE FOREGROUND AND IN THE BACKGROUND WE SEE FORMER SUPERHEROES, SOME NOW PINCHED AND THIN AND THE OTHERS FLABBY AND UNSHAVEN, AS THEY SIT AROUND THEIR MAKESHIFT CAMPFIRES AND COOK BEANS OR UNIDENTIFIED SLOP. PARTS OF THEIR SHANTY TOWN SEEM TO HAVE BEEN BUILT FROM DISCARDED SUPERHERO PARAPHENALIA. MAYBE SOMEBODY IS USING THE ORIGINAL FANTASTICAR AS A BATH-TUB. ELSEWHERE, WHOLE FAMILIES HUDDLE FOR SHELTER IN THE HOLLOWED-OUT BODY OF A FALLEN TRANSFORMER ROBOT. BURNOUT WALKS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT THROUGH THE MIDDLEGROUND, LOOKING AROUND AT ALL THIS WITH AN EXPRESSION OF GREAT SADNESS. FREEFALL HOVERS AT SHOULDER LEVEL BEHIND HIM, SLIGHTLY MORE TO OUR LEFT HERE. SHE ALSO LOOKS GRAVE.

FREEFALL : I know. It's ironic that WE should be the ones who've survived this far:
BURNOUT and FREEFALL. It pretty much describes the whole SITUATION.

BURNOUT : I guess we were YOUNGEST, last of our generation before the days of the GREAT CANCELLATION descended upon us.

BURNOUT : I can't believe our whole WORLD is reduced to this dwindling SUPER-SHANTY! Even THIS late, we MUST be able to turn this thing AROUND.

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE MAYBE JUST BEHIND BURNOUT, WHO FACES SLIGHTLY AWAY FROM US, HEAD AND SHOULDERS TO HALF FIGURE IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND. HE IS POINTING AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND, WHERE, BENEATH AN OPPRESSIVELY DARK AND STARLESS SKY WE CAN SEE THE BULK OF A RUINED TWENTIETH CENTURY AMERICAN CITY LOOMING UP, TOMB LIKE BENEATH THE DARK SKIES. FREEFALL IS ALREADY FLOATING AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THIS, VER IN THE NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND.

BURNOUT : It may be just a LEGEND, but I've heard that an ancient SECRET SOCIETY called "THE PLOT" prepared a great MACHINE against this very EVENTUALITY!

BURNOUT : According to MYTH, it's hidden in the long-lost MOUNTAINS OF SALE, far beyond the ruined city we call THE BANKRUPT ZONE.

FREEFALL : Then what do we have to LOSE? Let's make a last, poignant QUEST for it, before this DARKNESS engulfs us ALL!

PAGE 15.**PANEL 1.**

NOW A THREE PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE IN AMONGST THE TOPPLED RUINS OF THE DEMOLISHED CITY. SHATTERED AND ONLY PARTLY LEGIBLE, THE LOGOS AND MASTHEADS OF VANISHED COMIC BOOK COMPANIES ARE EVERYWHERE, MAKING UP THE BIGGEST PART OF THE DEBRIS WHICH BURNOUT AND FREEFALL PICK THEIR WAY OVER. AS

PAGE 15.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

AN AFTERTHOUGHT, MAYBE BURNOUT COULD BE HOLDING UP ONE BLAZING HAND LIKE A TORCH OR LANTERN TO LIGHT THEIR WAY, IF THAT LOOKS GOOD. AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE RUBBLE IN THE NEAR BACKGROUND, WE SEE A LARGE AN SIMIAN-LOOKING MALE HAND REACHING OUT ANGRILY TOWARDS THEM FROM THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, WHERE IT'S OWNER (WHO WILL TURN OUT TO BE A DARK FUTURE VERSION OF GRUNGE) IS SITUATED JUST OFF PANEL RIGHT. THE FLESH ON THE VISIBLE ARM IS MOTTLED AND EVEN SHINEY IN PLACES, LIKE DISEASED METAL, BUT IT STILL HAVE THE SHAPE OF GRUNGE'S APE-LIKE FOREARM AND HAND.

FREEFALL : I-I've never liked THE BANKRUPT ZONE. It's always
UNNERVED me...

BURNOUT : I know. This was once a proud CITY with its various factions
prospering in HARMONY.

BURNOUT : Now it's a WASTELAND where the SURVIVORS snipe a each
other from their BUNKERS.

GRUNGE (OFF) : YOU! How DARE you return to GLOAT? You BETRAYED me,
like all the REST!

PANEL 2.

NOW FREEFALL AND BURNOUT FACE AWAY FROM US , SOMEWHERE IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND. THEY ARE BOTH LOOKING IN NUMB SHOCK TOWARDS THE RIGHT NEAR BACKGROUND, WHERE THE MONSTROUS AND MUTATED FORM OF GRUNGE SITS APELIKE ON ITS HAUNCHES, SQUATTING ATOP A FALLEN GIANT LOGO FOR VALIANT COMICS OR SOME OTHER SUCH VANISHED COMPANY. ECLIPSE COMICS. WHOEVER. HIS BODY SEEMS TO HAVE PERMANENTLY ABSORBED THE TEXTURE AND APPEARANCE OF A LOT OF JUNK, MAKING HIS MONSTROUS AND DEFORMED IN THE PROCESS. HE SCOWLS MENACINGLY AT HIS TWO FORMER FRIENDS, AND STARTS TO REACH TOWARDS THEM MENACINGLY WITH ONE OF HIS DEFORMED HANDS.

BURNOUT : G-GRUNGE?

GRUNGE : Not any MORE. THESE days, it's "GRUDGE"...ever since YOU and the
REST of the world turned AGAINST me, after everything I'd DONE for
you!

GRUNGE : I tried to PROTECT this whole BUSINESS with my ABSORBING
powers! I absorbed all the CRITICISM! I absorbed this city's PROFIT
fluctuations...

GRUNGE : Finally, I attempted to absorb their LOSSES! That's how I turned from
TEEN IDOL to twisted WRECK, just like KURT. Now, maybe, I'll
absorb YOU...

PANEL 3.

NOW WE ARE JUST BEHIND GRUNGE, WITH HIM MOSTLY OFF PANEL IN THE LEFT DFOREGROUND, PERHAPS WITH ONLY ONE OF HIS HUGE DEFORMED HANDS VISIBLE, REACHING INTO VIEW AS HE REACHES OUT

PAGE 15.

PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

ANGRILY AFTER BURNOUT AND FREEFALL, WHO ARE MAKING THEIR ESCAPE INTO THE DESERT THAT LIES BEYOND THE RUINED CITY, IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND. BURNOUT, CLOSEST TO US TURNS AND WITH A SWEEP OF HIS ARM DRAWS A CURTAIN OF FLAME BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM AND THE PURSUING GRUNGE, CALLING OUT INSTRUCTIONS TO FREEFALL AS HE DOES SO. SHE IS ALREADY FLOATING AWAY INTO THE RIGHT BACKGROUND, BUT IS LOOKING WITH UNCERTAINTY TOWARDS THE STRANGE AND TWINKLING DESERT REGION THAT LIES BEYOND THE LIMITS OF THE DEMOLISHED CITY. EVERYTHING IN THE NIGHT-DARKENED DESERT SEEMS T BE SPARKLING IN STRANGE AND PRISMATIC COLORS.

BURNOUT : RUN for it, Roxanne! I don't want to HURT him, but my FLAME should hold him back until we've left the BANKRUPT ZONE far BEHIND.

FREEFALL : A-Are you SURE? Out beyond the CITY there's nothing but this eerie, glittering DESERT...

PAGE 16.

PANEL 1.

ANOTHER THREE PANEL PAGE HERE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE OUT IN THE DESERT, LOOKING TOWARDS FREEFALL AND BURNOUT AS THEY FLOAT OR STUMBLE THEIR RESPECTIVE WAYS ACROSS IT. THE DESERT IS MADE UP OF WHAT LOOKS LIKE PRISMATIC CHROME FOIL, ALONG WITH OTHER EARLY NINETIES COVER ENHANCEMENTS. HANGING IN THE DARK AIR ABOVE THE DESERT HERE AND THERE ARE STRANGE AND TWINKLING GREEN SPECTRES THAT ARE LIKE FLOATING HOLOGRAMS OF GENERIC SUPER-HERO TYPE FIGURES. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, STANDING JUST OFF PANEL AND FACING AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THE APPRPACHING FREEFALL AND BURNOUT WE CAN JUST SEE A LITTLE OF THE HIP AND SIDE OF FAIRCHILD AS SHE STANDS FACING AWAY FROM US AND TOWARDS THEM, ONE HAND RESTING UPON HER HIP. FROM THE LITTLE WE CAN SEE OF HER, WE CAN AT LEAST MAKE OUT THAT SHE SEEMS TO BE COMPLETELY NAKED.

BURNOUT : Yes. This must be the VALLEY OF ABANDONED PLOYS. Look at all this PRISMATIC CHROME and these ghostly HOLOGRAMS hanging in the air.

FREEFALL : I hope we don't meet any marauding MULTIPLE VARIANTS...

FAIRCHILD (OFF) : Oh, don't worry about THEM. They're harmless.

PANEL 2.

NOW, POSED DISCREETLY SO THAT HER NUDITY IS AT LEAST TECHNICALLY CONCEALED, WE SEE FAIRCHILD STANDING WITH HER

ARMS FOLDED ACROSS HER BOSOM, TALKING TO A STUNNED-LOOKING BURNOUT IN THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND, AMIDST THE DESERT OF PRISMATIC FOIL THAT STRETCHES ALL AROUND. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, FREEFALL IS LOOKING UP IN ALARM AT SOMETHING OFF PANEL, RAISING ONE HAND TO POINT UP AT IT AS SHE CALLS TO THE

PAGE 16.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

OTHER TWO. FAIRCHILD, IN THE NEAR BACKGROUND, SEEMS COMPLETELY UNCONCERNED AND MATTER OF FACT ABOUT HER NUDITY.

BURNOUT : FAIRCHILD? Is it YOU?

FAIRCHILD : Bobby, don't you REMEMBER? I became BARECHILD during the NUDITY fad. That's why I'm here in the Valley of Abandoned PLOYS.

FAIRCHILD : Mostly it's QUIET, although you still get the occasional SMUT-GLUTTON sniffing around...

FREEFALL : O-Oh YEAH? I-Is that what THEY are?

PANEL 3.

NOW A LOW ANGLED SHOT. LOOMING UP IN THE BACKGROUND ARE TWO GIGANTIC CREATURES THAT SOMEHOW LOOK LIKE MUTATED FANBOYS, GROWN TO ENORMOUS SIZE AND BECOME EVEN LESS HUMAN IN THE PROCESS. THEY EACH HAVE COMIC SHOP PLASTIC CARRIER BAGS HANGING OVER THEIR WRISTS AND EACH ONE IS PROBABLY CONSULTING A LITTLE NOTEPAD WITH A CHECKLIST IN OR A COPY OF SOMETHING THAT LOOKS LIKE THE OVERSTREET GUIDE, PEERING AT THEM SUSPICIOUSLY THROUGH THEIR THICK, SPECTACLE-LIKE GOGGLES. THE ONE CLOSEST TO US IS PEERING DOWN SPECULATIVELY FROM THE NEAR BACKGROUND AT THE NAKED FAIRCHILD AS SHE STANDS FACING AWAY FROM US IN THE MIDDLEGROUND, BUNCHING HER FISTS AS SHE SQUARES UP THE BULKY, TWENTY-FOOT TALL CREATURES LOOMING IN THE BACKGROUND. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, WE SEE BURNOUT TRYING TO LEAD FREEFALL TO SAFETY, HAULING HER OUT OF THE PANEL TOWARDS US, MAYBE HALF FIGURE TO HEAD AND SHOULDERS.

FAIRCHILD : My God. No, they're something much WORSE! They're a couple of the last remaining rogue SPECULATORS! RUN for it, while I buy you some TIME!

1ST. FANBOY : There's one, Sidney. Do you think she's HOT?

2ND. FANBOY : Hold ON a minute. I'm checking in the GUIDE...

BURNOUT : Come on, Roxanne! Let's do as she SAYS and head for the HILLS!

PAGE 17.

PANEL 1.

NOW YET ANOTHER THREE PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE SEE A FULL FIGURE PROFILE SHOT OF BURNOUT AND FREEFALL AS THEY CLIMB UP THE SIDE OF A PECULIAR MOUNTAIN, WITH BURNOUT DOING THE CLIMBING WHILE FREEFALL FLOATS ALONG JUST BEHIND HIM. THE MOUNTAIN THEY ARE CLIMBING UP LOOKS LIKE A PIECE OF AVANT

AL WILDSTORM Page 7 of 10 06 March 1997 08:31:06 To: JONATHAN WILDSTORM

GARDE COLLAGE. IT IS MADE OF ROUGH BLOCKS, ON THE VARIOUS EXPOSED FACETS OF WHICH THERE ARE SOMETIMES BLOCKS OF CUT OUT PRINT FROM BOOKS OR NEWSPAPERS AND SOMETIMES KITSCH AD-ART IMAGES OR OTHER POP-CULTURE EPHEMERA.

PAGE 17.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

FREEFALL : Jeez. How high up do these hills GO? There seem to be MOUNTAINS of cut-up TEXT and borrowed IMAGES.

BURNOUT : They call this area THE DIZZY HEIGHTS, another doomed attempt to establish a new FRONTIER.

BURNOUT: However, we're still only on the lowest slopes of the MOUNTAINS of SALE.

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE CLOSER TO THEM AS THEY CLIMB OVER THE STRANGE CULTURAL RUBBLE, AS OPPOSED TO LAST PANEL'S COMPARATIVE LONGSHOT. THE BOTH LOOK ABOUT THEM, MYSTIFIED, AT THE POP CULTURAL SPRAWL THAT SURROUNDS THEM, BENEATH THE OMNIPRESENT BLACK SKIES ABOVE.

FREEFALL : How can this attempt have FAILED? Everything looks so MODERN and BIZARRE!

BURNOUT : Bizarre to the point of PSYCHOSIS, I'm afraid. The DIZZY HEIGHTS are now an ASYLUM for deconstructed VINTAGE characters and the occasional disturbed LONER.

BURNOUT : I believe SARAH is lost here somewhere. She got revised as a psychedelic native American SHAMAN called "BRAINSHAKER"...

PANEL 3.

NOW WE ARE LOOKING DOWN ON THEM FROM ABOVE AS THEY CLIMB TOWARDS US UP THE JUMBLED MOUNTAIN OF PROSE AND PICTURES. BOTH OF THEM HAVE TROUBLED EXPRESSIONS.

BURNOUT : The last time I saw her she was talking gibberish about how her SEXUALITY was related to SUPER-STRING THEORY.

FREEFALL : That's scary.

FREEFALL : This secret SOCIETY you mentioned, THE PLOT. Can't THEY activate their miraculous DEVICE? Are they still around helping our world to SURVIVE?

PAGE 18.

PANEL 1.

NOW ANOTHER THREE PANEL PAGE, AS BURNOUT AND FREEFALL ASCEND HIGH ENOUGH TO SEE THE MOUNTAIN'S PEAK BEFORE THEM. TOWARDS THE LEFT, FULL TO THREE QUARTER FIGURE AND FACING AWAY FROM US, BURNOUT PROUDLY GESTURES TOWARDS THE HEAVENLY SUMMIT THAT WE CAN SEE RISING IN THE RIGHT

BACKGROUND. AS HE DOES SO, A STRANGE PINKISH LIGHT SEEMS TO BE FALLING OVER BURNOUT FROM AN OFF PANEL SOURCE, ALTHOUGH HE IS UNAWARE OF IT. HE IS ALSO STARTING TO LOOK PECULIAR..EVEN DOWN TO THE DETAILS OF HOW HE IS DRAWN AND PRINTED. HE'S STARTING TO LOOK LIKE HE ISN'T EVEN DRAWN BY TRAVIS CHAREST, AND HIS PRINTING AND COLOURING ARE STARTING TO LOOK MORE LIKE

PAGE 18.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

SOMETHING FROM AN ISSUE OF SOME EARLY SILVER AGE COMIC BOOK. FREEFALL, STILL UNAFFECTED, LOOKS AT THIS EFFECT IN ALARM FROM SOMEWHERE TOWARDS THE RIGHT FOREGROUND. THE MOUNTAIN PEAK IN THE BACKGROUND SHOULD LOOK CELESTIAL, LIKE THE ONE IN THE PARAMOUNT MOVIE LOGO.

BURNOUT : No, Roxanne. I'm afraid out Universe lost THE PLOT some time ago...

BURNOUT : ...but look up AHEAD! You can see the LEGACY they left us up on the very PINNACLE of these mountains; at the SALE'S PEAK itself!

FREEFALL : B-Bobby? What's HAPPENING to you? You're bathed in a pinkish GLOW and you LOOK different!

PANEL 2.

NOW, WITH BURNOUT STANDING ON SOME SORT OF PLATEAU HALFWAY UP THE MOUNTAIN AND FREEFALL HOVERING SOMEWHERE NEARBY LOOKING ON, WE SEE TWO OR THREE STRANGE LITTLE MEN COME CLAMBERING OUT FROM BEHIND THE ROCKS WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN HIDING. THEY ARE ALL ABOUT THREE OF FOUR FEET TALL, WITH LARGE HEADS AND DWARFISH PROPORTIONS. I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I SEE THEM BEING DRESSED IN THOSE SORT OF KHAKI-GREEN TUNICS AND PANTS THAT ALL THE MARVEL COMMUNIST VILLAINS USED TO BE DRESSED IN BACK IN THE SIXTIES. THEY ALL LEER HORRIBLY, AND ALL OF THEM WEAR THESE STRANGE PINK-LENSED GOGGLES FROM WHICH PINKISH RAYS ARE BEING PROJECTED. THESE PINK RAYS ARE ALL TRAINED UPON THE HELPLESS BURNOUT, WHO IS NOW TRANSFORMING INTO A CHARACTER THAT LOOKS LIKE ITS DRAWN BY JACK KIRBY AND IS COMPLETELY OUT OF PLACE AGAINST THE METICULOUS BACKGROUND OF TRAVIS'S WORK. BURNOUT NOW LOOKS LIKE A VARIANT VERSION OF THE EARLY HUMAN TORCH, AND IF ITS POSSIBLE, I'D LIKE THE PRINTING ON HIS FIGURE TO BE IN SCREENED DOTS, WITH THE THE REST OF THE PANEL BEING IN THE NORMAL CONTEMPORARY COMPUTER COLOR TONES. AS THE TWO OR THREE LITTLE DAWRF GUYS ADVANCE UPON THE HELPLESS BURNOUT WITH THEIR PINK EYE-BEAMS, FREEFALL LOOKS AT HIM IN ALARM FROM A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY.

BURNOUT : Oh NO! I'd forgotten about the RETRO-RACKETEERS, another futile cult that haunt these slopes!

BURNOUT : They're using their ROSE-TINTED GOGGLES to REINVENT me as a more classical, silver-age character.

1ST. DWARF : HEH HEH HEH! How about "KID BLAZE"?

2ND. DWARF : Or maybe "THE HUMAN FIREBALL"?

FREEFALL : BOBBY! What can I do to SAVE you?

PANEL 3.

NOW WE HAVE BURNOUT IN THE FOREGROUND, REELING IN THE PINK RAYS AS HE BECOMES MORE AND MORE EXACTLY LIKE A VARIANT ON THE ORIGINAL 'SXITIES HUMAN TORCH. LOOKING UP PAST HIM WE SEE FREEFALL AS SHE RELUCTANTLY SOARS AWAY LEAVING HIM TO HIS

PAGE 18.

PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

FATE. BURNOUT HAS A HORRIFIED EXPRESSION ON HIS KIRBYESQUE FACE.

BURNOUT : Nothing! Leave me to deal with this! You go on ahead and find the secret MECHANISM built by THE PLOT, Gal O' Mine!

BURNOUT : Oh GOD! I'm even TALKING like someone from the 'sixties! HURRY, Roxy, before it's too LATE!

FREEFALL : G-Goodbye, Bobby! I'll make sure your sacrifice wasn't in VAIN!

PAGE 19.

PANEL 1.

NOW A TWO PANEL PAGE, WITH THE SECOND PANEL THE BIGGEST. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE UP SLIGHTLY ABOVE FREEFALL AS SHE SOARS ABOVE THE MOUNTAIN PEAK, WHICH, LOOKED DOWN ON FROM ABOVE, WE CAN SEE IS HOLLOW, LIKE THE MOUTH OF A VOLCANO. FREEFALL STARTS TO SPIRAL DOWN AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THIS. THE LITTLE THAT WE CAN SEE INSIDE THE OPEN VOLCANO MOUTH LOOKS DECIDEDLY METALLIC AND MAN MADE AND ARTIFICIAL.

FREEFALL : It's exactly as the LEGEND that Bobby heard DESCRIBED it! At the PEAK there's a hollow REFUGE!

FREEFALL : Maybe inside there really IS mythical TECHNOLOGY invented by a benign SECRET SOCIETY to RESCUE our world when things got BAD..

FREEFALL : Maybe there really IS such a thing as...

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE DOWN INSIDE THE HIGH TECH CHAMBER THAT IS WITHIN THE MOUTH OF THE HOLLOWED MOUNTAIN. FREEFALL DROPS WEIGHTLESSLY, FET FIRST FROM THE OPENING UP ABOVE, GLIDING GENTLY DOWN TO LAND. AS SHE DOES SO SHE IS LOOKING UP IN AWE AT THE VAST AND COMPLICATED MACHINE THAT DOMINATES THE ENTIRE HIGH TECH CHAMBER. THE MACHINE CAN LOOK LIKE WHATEVER YOU WANT, SO LONG AS IT LOOKS AS MAD, IMPROBABLE, VAST AND AWESOME AS POSSIBLE. THERE IS A HUGE DIAL ON THE FRONT, THAT HAS A NUMBER OF SETTING TO CHOOSE FROM. THESE SETTINGS EACH HAVE A LETTERED LABEL, WITH THE LABELS READING "*ALL A DREAM*"; "*IMAGINARY STORY*"; "*MAKE IT DIDN'T HAPPEN*" AND A COUPLE OF OTHERS. FREEFALL GAPES UP AT THE INCREDIBLE MACHINE IN AWE AS SHE PREPARES TO TOUCH DOWN IN THE HUGE MOUNTAIN CAVE.

FREEFALL : ...the PLOT DEVICE!

PAGE 20.

PANEL 1.

NOW A THREE PANEL PAGE TO CLOSE THIS SECTION WITH. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE SEE A FULL FIGURE SHOT OF FREEFALL AS SHE STARTS TO WALK, FATEFULLY AND WITH A TREPIDATIOUS EXPRESSION, TOWARDS THE HUGE MACHINE AND ITS GIANT DIAL.

PAGE 20.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

FREEFALL : And there's only ME left to WORK it!

FREEFALL : I suppose that's part of the FUN with these "Alternate Future"-type situations: seeing everyone DESTROYED or grotesquely ALTERED...

FREEFALL : Wh-Why am I talking like I'm in a STORY? Why am I talking aloud at ALL, for that matter?

FREEFALL : I-I remember something about QUEELOCK. Something about a metallic TABLET...

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE CLOSER TO FREEFALL AS SHE STARTS TO STRUGGLE AND TURN THE GIANT DIAL ON THE FRONT OF THE MACHINE, ATTEMPTING TO GET THE POINTER TO POINT TO "MAKE IT DIDN'T HAPPEN". SHE GRITS HER TEETH, AND HER FACE IS GRIM WITH EFFORT AS SHE TRIES TO TURN THE HUGE DIAL.

FREEFALL : It doesn't MATTER. I've got to turn this DIAL to the right PROGRAM so we can all ESCAPE from this ongoing INFINITE CRISIS!

FREEFALL : Maybe if I change the setting to "MAKE IT DIDN'T HAPPEN"...

PANEL 3.

SAME SHOT AS LAST PANEL, BUT NOW EVERYTHING WE CAN SEE IS STARTING TO BREAK UP AND DISSOLVE, JUST AS IT DID IN THE LAST PANELS OF PAGES FOUR AND TWELVE RESPECTIVELY. FREEFALL LOOKS DOWN AT HER OWN DISSOLVING BODY IN BEWILDERMENT AND ALARM AS SHE STARTS TO DISINTEGRATE INTO FLAKES OF LIGHT.

FREEFALL : There! I DID it...b-but everything's DISSOLVING, like a FILM changing SCENES!

FREEFALL : Why does all this feel so FAMILIAR? Has it somehow happened...

PAGE 20.

PANEL 1.

NOW A THREE PANEL PAGE TO CLOSE THIS SECTION WITH. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE SEE A FULL FIGURE SHOT OF FREEFALL AS SHE STARTS TO WALK, FATEFULLY AND WITH A TREPIDATIOUS EXPRESSION, TOWARDS THE HUGE MACHINE AND ITS GIANT DIAL.

PAGE 20.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

FREEFALL : And there's only ME left to WORK it!

FREEFALL : I suppose that's part of the FUN with these "Alternate Future"-type situations: seeing everyone DESTROYED or grotesquely ALTERED...

FREEFALL : Wh-Why am I talking like I'm in a STORY? Why am I talking aloud at ALL, for that matter?

FREEFALL : I-I remember something about QUEELOCK. Something about a metallic TABLET...

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE CLOSER TO FREEFALL AS SHE STARTS TO STRUGGLE AND TURN THE GIANT DIAL ON THE FRONT OF THE MACHINE, ATTEMPTING TO GET THE POINTER TO POINT TO "MAKE IT DIDN'T HAPPEN". SHE GRITS HER TEETH, AND HER FACE IS GRIM WITH EFFORT AS SHE TRIES TO TURN THE HUGE DIAL.

FREEFALL : It doesn't MATTER. I've got to turn this DIAL to the right PROGRAM so we can all ESCAPE from this ongoing INFINITE CRISIS!

FREEFALL : Maybe if I change the setting to "MAKE IT DIDN'T HAPPEN"...

PANEL 3.

SAME SHOT AS LAST PANEL, BUT NOW EVERYTHING WE CAN SEE IS STARTING TO BREAK UP AND DISSOLVE, JUST AS IT DID IN THE LAST PANELS OF PAGES FOUR AND TWELVE RESPECTIVELY. FREEFALL LOOKS DOWN AT HER OWN DISSOLVING BODY IN BEWILDERMENT AND ALARM AS SHE STARTS TO DISINTEGRATE INTO FLAKES OF LIGHT.

FREEFALL : There! I DID it...b-but everything's DISSOLVING, like a FILM changing SCENES!

FREEFALL : Why does all this feel so FAMILIAR? Has it somehow happened...

PAGE 21.

PANEL 1.

OKAY, NOW WE HAND OVER TO ADAM FOR AN EIGHT PAGE SEGMENT WHICH RECASTS GEN 13 IN THE SHAPE OF A TEENAGE SUPERGROUP VAGUELY REMINISCENT OF THE MARV WOLFMAN/ GEORGE PEREZ TEEN TITANS. THAT'S NOT TO SAY THAT IT HAS TO LOOK LIKE GEORGE PEREZ OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT...I JUST WANT IT TO CAPTURE THE ATMOSPHERE OF SUPERTeam COMICS DURING THAT PARTICULAR PERIOD, WHICH I REMEMBER AS BEING THE DAWN OF THE MODERN COMIC BOOK BABE: LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL SUPERWOMEN IN COSTUMES

PAGE 21.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

THAT, FOR THE PERIOD, WERE PROBABLY PRETTY SEXY, USUALLY AGAINST A BACKDROP OF TINY, TWINKLING GEORGE PEREZ STARS AND SHINY HIGH TECH SPACESHIPS BECAUSE THE TEAM WAS INVOLVED IN SOME INTERGALACTIC WAR OR OTHER FOR SIX ISSUES OUT OF EVERY YEAR. SO, BASICALLY, SPACESHIPS AND WOMEN AND SUPERHEROES ARE THE MAIN ELEMENTS HERE. FEEL FREE TO INTERPRET THEM HOW IT FEELS BEST TO YOU, AND DON'T USE MY PANEL DESCRIPTIONS AS ANYTHING BUT A GUIDE-LINE TO GIVE YOU A STARTING-OFF POINT. ON THIS FIRST PAGE WE HAVE ONE BIG SPLASH PANEL FILLING THE ENTIRE PAGE. WE ARE OUT ON THE HULL OF A HUGE AND SILVERY HIGH-TECH SPACECRAFT, AGAINST A BACKDROP OF STARS AND NEBULAE. STANDING ON THE HULL TOWARDS THE FOREGROUND, TENSED AND READY FOR BATTLE, WE SEE MODIFIED VERSIONS OF FAIRCHILD, GRUNGE AND FREEFALL. FAIRCHILD IS NOW CALLED *WONDERFUL GIRL* AND IS DRESSED IN SOMETHING FORM-FITTING WITH LOTS OF LITTLE OLD FASHIONED STARS, EAGLES AND OTHER PATRIOTIC MOTIFS ARRANGED UPON IT SOMEWHERE. IN ADDITION TO HER COSTUME SHE WEARS SOME SORT OF LIGHTWEIGHT SPACE HELMET/ BREATHING MASK AFFAIR, AND ANY OTHER LITTLE MODIFICATIONS YOU THINK MIGHT LOOK SUITABLE FOR DEEP SPACE-WEAR. FREEFALL, HOVERING SOMEWHERE UP TOWARDS THE LEFT, A FEW FEET ABOVE THE CURVING HULL OF THE SHIP, IS NOW DRESSED IN A MUCH MORE REVEALING COSTUME, PERHAPS SOMETHING MADE OF METALLIC GOLD WITH CONTOURED AND FIGURE HUGGING GOLDEN PLATES A BIT LIKE THOSE OF AN INSECT ABDOMEN ARRANGED AROUND HER CURVES. SHE ALSO HAS A MUCH LONGER MANE OF PURPLE HAIR THAT TRAILS BEHIND HER DECORATIVELY AS SHE FLIES, AND HER NAME IS NOW *STAR-FLYER*. GRUNGE, STANDING HEAVILY ON THE HULL OVER TO THE RIGHT, IS THE MOST DRASTICALLY ALTERED. HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S USED HIS ABSORBING POWERS TO SOAK UP A LOAD OF CYBERNETIC MACHINERY, AND AS A CONSEQUENCE HE LOOKS LIKE A MORE MENACING VERSION OF SOMETHING OUT OF *TETSUO THE IRON MAN*, IF YOU'VE SEEN THAT. HE IS BASICALLY A LARGE, SQUAT AND BULKY CYBORG NOW, ENTIRELY MADE OF COMPLEX, ORGANIC LOOKING SILVER PLATING AND CIRCUITRY. GRUNGE IS NOW CALLED *G.R.U.N.G.E.* THESE THREE STAND ON THE HULL, STANDING THEIR GROUND AGAINST THE ATTACK THAT APPROACHES THEM FROM THE NEAR BACKGROUND. THIS IS A SQUADRON OF *D'ZYRIAN AIRWOMEN*, WHO ARE AN AMAZON RACE SEEMINGLY ENTIRELY COMPOSED OF BEAUTIFUL HUMAN WOMEN. THEY FLY BY THE USE OF ROCKET PACKS, OR ASTRIDE ANTI-GRAVITY SPACE CYCLES, OR IN TINY LITTLE SNUB-NOSED SHORT-WINGED JET-PLANES WITH HUGE BUBBLE COCKPITS BIG ENOUGH FOR ONLY ONE WOMAN. THE AIRWOMEN THEMSELVES WEAR SOME SORT OF ALIEN SPACE COSTUME THAT IS ALSO HIGHLY REMINISCENT OF '30S AVIATORS, WITH LEATHER HELMETS AND GOGGLES; AND PERHAPS EVEN AVIATOR'S JACKETS WORN OVER WHATEVER TIGHT BODY-STOCKING TYPE SPACE OUTFIT THAT

PAGE 21.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

THEY HAVE ON UNDERNEATH. GIVE THEM AND THEIR VEHICLES LOTS OF LITTLE BADGES AND INSIGNIA, SO THAT IT HAS AN INCONGRUOUSLY NOSTALGIC FEEL OF OLD FIGHTER PILOT MOVIES BUT TRANSPLANTED TO DEEP INTERGALACTIC SPACE. THE TITLE LETTERING, WHICH I THINK SHOULD BE REMINISCENT OF THE TEEN TITANS LOGO WITHOUT DUPLICATING IT EXACTLY, GOES SOMEWHERE DOWN TOWARDS THE LOWER RIGHT OF THE PICTURE, UNDER FAIRCHILD'S FINAL SPEECH BALLOON SO THAT THE LOGO GROWS OUT OF THE BOTTOM OF THE BALLOON.

FREEFALL : ...before.

GRUNGE : BEFORE? Before WHAT? STARFLYER, you better get your HEAD together BEFORE these D'ZYRIAN AIRWOMEN get past US and breach our SHIP!

FAIRCHILD : Maintain your COOL, G.R.U.N.G.E!

FAIRCHILD : R'OXIAND'R is probably just thinking back to her rich previous history BEFORE we formed this group at the age of THIRTEEN and became

LOGO : THIRTEEN TITANS

PAGE 22.

PANEL 1.

NOW A THREE PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE SEE THE THREE HEROES ENGAGE IN BATTLE WITH THE GORGEOUS AIRWOMEN WHILE STILL CONTINUING THEIR CHARACTER-DEEPENING DIALOGUE. FREEFALL HOVERS SOMEWHERE TOWARDS THE LEFT, MAYBE LIFTING A STRUGGLING AIRWOMAN FROM ASTRIDE HER SKY CYCLE. FAIRCHILD, TOWARDS THE CENTRE, IS MAYBE TEARING EITHER A SKY-CYCLE OR MINI-JET IN TWO WITH HER BARE HANDS WHILE SHE TURNS HER HEAD TO FROWN IN PUZZLEMENT AND SURPRISE TOWARDS FREEFALL OVER ON THE LEFT. OVER ON THE RIGHT, THE SILVER CYBORG-GRUNGE IS WRESTLING TWO OR THREE OF THE AIRWOMEN AT ONCE. HE TURNS AND LOOKS TOWARDS HIS TWO FEMALE COLLEAGUES WITH ANNOYANCE.

FREEFALL : Uh...yes. Yes, I suppose I MUST have been. Was that the previous history where it's the end of the WORLD and everybody's CHANGED?

FAIRCHILD : HUH? What are you TALKING about? I meant your previous history as PRINCESS of a purple-haired ALIEN RACE with GRAVITY POWERS!

GRUNGE : Hey, will you two CHICKS quit GOOFING OFF and help me against these D'ZYRIAN AIRWOMEN?

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE NOW SO THAT GRUNGE IS TOWARDS THE LEFT FOREGROUND, CASUALLY SWATTING ASIDE THE SKY-CYCLES AND THE WOMEN ASTRIDE THEM, OR BLASTING SOME OF THE AIRWOMEN WHO WEAR ROCKET PACKS FROM THE AIR WITH SOME SORT OF REPULSOR-RAY GENERATED BY THE CIRCUITRY IN ONE OF HIS HUGE HANDS. HE LOOKS MEAN AND MOODY AND PISSED OFF. FAIRCHILD, MORE TO THE CENTRE, TURNS TO LOOK AT HIM SYMPATHETICALLY, EVEN AS SHE

PAGE 22.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

PUTS A COUPLE MORE OF THE ATTACKING AIRWOMEN OUT OF COMMISSION. IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND, WE MAYBE SEE FREEFALL, SIMILARLY EMPLOYED.

GRUNGE : After ALL, it's not as if I don't have a previous history of my OWN...

GRUNGE : Since my FATHER first got my NERVOUS SYSTEM to ABSORB the properties of COMPUTER CHIPS, I've been a *Genetic Recreation Utilising Neurally-Grafted Engineering!*

FAIRCHILD : How do you FEEL about that, G.R.U.N.G.E.?

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE AGAIN. OVER TO THE LEFT WE HAVE A FULL FIGURE SHOT OF GRUNGE AS HE TEARS ANOTHER SKY-CYCLE OR MINI-JET FROM THE AIR. MORE TOWARDS THE RIGHT WE CAN SEE THAT FAIRCHILD IS CLOSE TO BEING OVERWHELMED BY THE SEEMINGLY ENDLESS HORDE OF CURVACEOUS AIRWOMEN. UP TO YOU WHETHER WE SEE FREEFALL ANYWHERE OVER TO THE RIGHT IN THIS PANEL, BUT IF WE DO SEE HER, SHE TOO IS CLOSE TO BEING OVERCOME BY THE RELENTLESS AIRWOMEN.

GRUNGE : Mad, WONDERFUL GIRL! DAMNED mad! Mad at my FATHER for turning me into a bitter, mistrustful OUTSIDER...

GRUNGE : Mad at the WORLD for REJECTING me because of my BITTER MISTRUSTFULNESS! After treatment like THAT, how can I trust ANYONE? No WONDER I'm bitter!

FAIRCHILD : I EMPATHIZE...but right now I've got troubles of my OWN!

PAGE 23.

PANEL 1.

NOW A TWO PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE HAVE FAIRCHILD TOWARDS THE LEFT FOREGROUND, STILL SPEAKING AS SHE FINALLY COLLAPSES BENEATH THE SUPERIOR NUMBERS OF THE TEEMING AIRWOMEN. IN THE BACKGROUND BEYOND HER WE CAN SEE GRUNGE AND FREEFALL ALSO BEING OVERWHELMED.

FAIRCHILD : On the ONE hand, I have a confusing ORIGIN which introduced me as a younger version of an older, established character.

FAIRCHILD : On the OTHER hand, I'm about to be > UNGGII < overwhelmed by the AIRWOMEN of D'ZYR!

FREEFALL : AAGII! Me TOO!

PANEL 2.

NOW WE CUT TO THE INTERIOR OF THE SPACE SHIP, WHERE WE SEE THE TWO REMAINING MEMBERS OF GEN THIRTEEN, BURNOUT AND RAINMAKER, WATCHING WHAT IS GOING ON OUTSIDE ON THE HULL BY MEANS OF A LARGE WALL-MOUNTED MONITOR SCREEN. THESE ARE TWO DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF BURNOUT AND RAINMAKER, HOWEVER. BURNOUT IS NOW WEARING A COSTUME THAT IS MOSTLY RED WITH A

PAGE 23.**PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)**

SHORT YELLOW CAPE. ITS COLOURS AND DESIGN SUGGEST FLAME AND ARE THUS APPROPRIATE TO BURNOUT'S POWERS, BUT THE OVERALL LOOK OF THE COSTUME IS SIMILAR TO THAT OF THE ORIGINAL ROBIN, BACK FROM THE AWKWARD PERIOD WHERE HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE NEARLY TWENTY YEARS OLD AND YET WAS STILL DRESSING LIKE A PIXIE. HE EVEN HAS A LITTLE BLACK DOMINO MASK OVER HIS EYES. HIS NEW NAME IS *FLAMEWING*. HE IS LOOKING UP HERE AT THE MONITOR SCREEN ON THE SPACE-SHIP WALL ABOVE HIM, WHERE WE CAN SEE FREEFALL, FAIRCHILD AND GRUNGE BEING DEFEATED BY THE AIRWOMEN. BURNOUT LOOKS UP AT THIS WITH OBVIOUS DISMAY. RAINMAKER, STANDING MORE TO OUR RIGHT, IS ALSO MODIFIED, SO THAT NOW WE WEARS SOMETHING LONG AND BLACK AND SWIRLING THAT MAKES HER LOOK MORE LIKE A WEATHER-WITCH AND ALSO MORE LIKE THE TEEN TITANS CHARACTER RAVEN. HER NEW NAME IS *RAINBIRD*, AND SHE CAN MAYBE EVEN HAVE LITTLE MINIATURE STORM CLOUDS AND THUNDERHEADS SWIRLING AROUND HER, IF THAT LOOKS GOOD, SINCE THAT WOULD ALSO RESEMBLE THOSE BLACK SULPHUROUS CLOUDS OF SMOKE THAT THE RAVEN CHARACTER USED. SHE IS TURNED AWAY FROM THE MONITOR SCREEN HERE AND IS LOOKING AND POINTING WITH A SOMBRE EXPRESSION TOWARDS SOMETHING THAT WE CANNOT SEE, OFF IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND.

BURNOUT : Look at the Monitor screen, RAINBIRD!

BURNOUT : Out on the ship's HULL, our buddies are getting BEATEN by the very race of AVIATRIX-SPACEWOMEN that we've come to protect this GALAXY from!

BURNOUT : If only my THERMAL POWERS and your WEATHER ABILITIES worked in OUTER SPACE! Then we wouldn't feel so USELESS!

RAINMAKER : Agreed, FLAMEWING. These arbitrary intrusions of the Laws of PHYSICS can be most UNHELPFUL...

RAINMAKER : ...however, we have more PRESSING concerns! I fear the AIRWOMEN have breached our VESSEL!

PAGE 24.**PANEL 1.**

NOW A THREE PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE SEE BURNOUT AND RAINMAKER STANDING FACING US FROM THE BRIDGE OF THEIR SPACE SHIP WITH THE MONITOR SCREEN BEHIND THEM, OVER IN THE BACKGROUND HERE. RUNNING TOWARDS THEM AWAY FROM US OUT OF THE FOREGROUND WE SEE MORE OF THE AIRWOMEN WHO HAVE OBVIOUSLY MANAGED TO ENTER THE SHIP. THE PAIR IN THE BACKGROUND LOOK APPRHENSIVE AS THE AIRWOMEN RUSH TOWARDS THEM.

PAGE 24.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

BURNOUT : You're RIGHT! The OTHERS must be prisoners ALREADY. Looks like we won't rescue R'oxiand'r's purple-maned alien race from the D'zyrians AFTER all!

BURNOUT : Nor will I have time to resolve the many CONFLICTS that arise as I mature from former TEEN SIDEKICK into LEAD CHARACTER.

RAINMAKER : I shall not even MENTION the evil Native American MANITOU spirit that I suspect may be my true FATHER. We must prepare for ATTACK!

PANEL 2.

NOW A BIG PANEL SHOWING BURNOUT (MORE TO THE LEFT HERE) AND RAINMAKER AS THEY ARE LITERALLY SWAMPED BENEATH A TIDE OF STRUGGLING AIRWOMEN. BURNOUT HAS ONE OF HIS HANDS ALIGHT, AND IS MAKING LINES OF FLAME IN THE AIR, BUT THE AIRWOMEN JUST SEEM TO IGNORE THESE. SOME OF THEM ARE CLINGING TO BURNOUT'S WRIST, STOPPING HIM FROM AIMING HIS FLAME BLASTS EFFECTIVELY. MORE TO OUR RIGHT, WE SEE RAINMAKER OFFERING SUSPICIOUSLY LITTLE RESISTANCE AS SHE IS SUBDUED BY THE LUSCIOUS AIRWOMEN.

BURNOUT : Well, at least YOUR parents weren't KILLED, like MINE, in the same tragic LABORATORY ACCIDENT that gave me my power to control FLAME...

BURNOUT : ...flame which has no EFFECT against these AIRWOMEN! Their SPACE-LEOTARDS must be insulated against extremes of heat OR cold! I-I guess this is IT...

RAINMAKER : I fear SO. There are too many of them to RESIST!

RAINMAKER : Save YOURSELF! Don't try to help ME! I've already FALLEN!

PANEL 3.

NOW, IN THE NEAR BACKGROUND, WE CAN JUST SEE A BIG PILE OF STRUGGLING AIRWOMEN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SPACESHIP BRIDGE AREA, WITH BURNOUT AND RAINMAKER PRESUMABLY SOMEWHERE UNDER THE HEAP OF BODIES. ONE OF THE AIRWOMEN STANDS OFF TO ONE SIDE OF THE PICTURE, WEARING A PROFESSIONAL AND SERIOUS EXPRESSION AS SHE PICKS UP A RADIO DEVICE FROM HER BELT AND SPEAKS INTO IT. THE REPLY OF HER OFFICER, THE AIRQUEEN N'VANA, IS INSIDE A CRACKLE BALLOON THAT ISSUES FROM THE RADIO ITSELF.

AIRWOMAN TO RADIO : This is Squadron Leader calling Airqueen N'VANA. We have boarded the target VESSEL and subdued the accursed THIRTEEN TITANS!

IVANA (CRACKLE, FROM RADIO) : *EXCELLENT! Bring them to my DICTATOR-SHIP. I shall interrogate them in the GLOATING ROOM.*

IVANA (CRACKLE, FROM RADIO) : *N'Vana OUT. > KLITIK<*

PAGE 25.

PANEL 1.

NOW A TWO PANEL PAGE, WITH THIS FIRST PANELO THE BIGGEST. WE ARE OUT IN SPACE, AND DOMINATING THE BACKGROUND IS THE HUGE FLOATING SPACE-FORTRESS BELONGING TO IVANA AND HER AIRWOMEN. THE DESIGN OF THIS THING CAN BE PRETTY WELL UP TO YOU, ADAM, BUT FOR MY PART I IMAGINED IT AS BEING SOMETHING LIKE THE DEATHSTAR, IF THE DEATH STAR HAD BEEN BUILT IN NINETEENTH CENTURY GERMANY. IT'S SOMETHING LIKE A GIGANTIC, METAL PLATED HINDENBERG, BUT MAYBE MORE SPHERICAL. TRAILING GUYROPES DRIFT OFF FROM IT INTO SPACE, TETHERING THE FLOATING MINI-JETS AND SKY-CYCLES THAT ARE HITCHED TO IT, ALONG WITH LARGER CRAFT. THROUGH THE FOREGROUND AND MIDDLEGROUND HERE WE MAYBE SEE A FEW OF THE AIRWOMEN FLYING THIS WAY AND THAT ABOUT THEIR DIFFERENT DUTIES, WITH THE SPACE-FORTRESS HANGING MASSIVE BEHIND THEM IN THE BACKGROUND. IT IS THIS THAT IVANA'S BALLOON ISSUES FROM.

CAPTION

: Soon...

IVANA (CRACKLE, FROM SPACE-FORT) : Ahh! SPLENDID! They're regaining CONSCIOUSNESS!

IVANA (CRACKLE, FROM SPACE-FORT) : Welcome to the DICTATOR-SHIP of D'Zyr, my luckless adversaries! This aerial leviathan was LEFT to me by my despotic MOTHER, Queen AP'STR'PHE of D'Zyr.

IVANA (CRACKLE, FROM SPACE-FORT) : With it, I've subjugated entire GALAXIES, and it is HERE that you shall meet your END! Release them from their SLAVE-POD into the ARENA!

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE SOMEWHERE INSIDE THE SPACE FORT, LOOKING INTO THE MOUTH OF THE DARK, STARK PRISON POD IN WHICH THE MEMNBERS OF GEN THRITEN HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO THIS SPACE-STALAG. THE POD MOUTH IS OPEN IN THE BACKGROUND, AND THE VARIOUS MEMBERS OF THE TEAM COME STUMBLING OUT FROM ITS SHADOWS INTO THE BRIGHT LIGHT SHINING FROM OFF PANEL IN THE FOREGROUND, RAISING THEIR ARMS TO SHIELD THEIR EYES AND SQUINTING AGAINST THE GLARE. WE CAN SEE THE NEW TEEN-TITAN-VERSIONS OF RAINMAKER, GRUNGE AND FAIRCHILD ACROSS THE FOREGROUND FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, WITH BURNOUT AND FREEFALL FOLLOWING THEM OUT OF THE DARK PRISON-POD FROM FURTHER BACK INTO ITS INTERIOR. FAIRCHILD, UP IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, IS GAPING UP IN HORROR AND PROBABLY POINTING AS WELL, LOOKING TOWARDS SOMETHING THAT WE CANNOT SEE, TOWERING ABOVE THEM ALL FROM OFF PANEL IN THE FOREGROUND. FROM THE LOOK OF AWE AND ASTONISHMENT ON FAIRCHILD'S FACE AS SHE GAZES UP AT ITS OFF PANEL BULK, IT MUST BE

PAGE 25.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

SOMETHING VERY LARGE INDEED.

RAINMAKER : *UGGIII!* It's so BRIGIT! What's going ON? My occult abilities to predict the WEATHER tell me NOTHING...

GRUNGE : My NEURALLY-GRAFTED ENGINEERING tells me we're in N'Vana's ARENA, but I can't see who we're meant to FIGIT...

FAIRCHILD : Jumping JUNO! I think I can, hepcats and kittens! L-Look up THERE!

PAGE 26.

PANEL 1.

NOW A BIG FULL PAGE PICTURE. WE ARE INSIDE THE CENTRAL ARENA-AREA OF THE AIRWOMEN'S SPACE FORT, THE DOMED EXPANSE OF WHICH WE SEE STRETCHING AWAY FROM US ON ALL SIDES. DOWN IN THE BOTTOM OF REGROUND, FACING AWAY FROM US FULL FIGURE AND RELATIVELY SMALL, WE SEE THE FIVE MEMBERS OF GEN THIRTEEN, WITH BFREEFALL HOVERING IN THE AIR AND THE OTHER FOUR ALL STANDING. THEY ARE ALL GAPING UP IN ASTONISHMENT TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND. STANDING IN THE BACKGROUND LOOKING DOWN AT THEM IS A COLOSSAL ROBOT-WOMAN. HER BODY HAS SOMETHING OF THAT CLASSIC, OLD FASHIONED SEXY ROBOT WOMAN LOOK TO IT, A BIT LIKE MARIA FROM FRITZ LANG'S *METROPOLIS*, EXCEPT THE FEMALE ROBOT HERE IS MUST MORE CURVACEOUS. HER HEAD HAS A KIND OF GIANT TELEVISION SCREEN SET INTO THE FRONT OF IT, AND UPON THIS WE CAN SEE A VIDEO IMAGE OF IVANA'S GLOATING FACE FILLING THE ENTIRE SCREEN AS SHE SNEERS DOWN AT THE TINY HEROES STANDING AT HER FEET. IN THE BACKGROUND OF THE ARENA WE CAN SEE STADIUM STANDS...MAYBE FLOATING ANTI-GRAVITY ONES IF YOU LIKE...FROM WHICH THE ASSEMBLED RANKS OF BUXOM AIRWOMEN CAN CHEER ON THEIR GIANT ROBOT QUEEN. IVANA SPEAKS IN A CRACKLE-EDGED ROBOTIC VOICE FROM A SPEAKER SET INTO HER THROAT LIKE A HIGH-TECH ADAM'S APPLE.

IVANA (CRACKLE) : HA HA HA! SURPRISED, Wonderful Girl? After my LAST defeat at your hands, I decided to jack my CONSCIOUSNESS into this giant FEMIZOID BODY!

IVANA (CRACKLE) : Now my loyal AIRWOMEN can WATCH as their Queen tramples her ENEMIES into garish, multi-colored PULP! HA HA HA HA!

RAINMAKER : By the Great THUNDERBIRD sacred to my ethnic ANCESTORS! N'VANA has placed her mind inside a COLOSSUS! What shall we DO?

BURNOUT : The only thing we CAN do is put aside our likeable, individual quirks of PERSONALITY and COOPERATE to DEFEAT her!

BURNOUT : We may even learn an important LESSON about functioning as a TEAM, so let's DO it, people!

PAGE 27.

PANEL 1.

NOW A THREE PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE MAYBE SOMEWHERE UP ABOVE THE GIANT IVANA-ROBOT, LOOKING DOWN PAST HER HEAD AND DOWN THE LENGTH OF HER GLEAMING CHROME BODY AS THE FIVE MEMBERS OF GEN THIRTEEN SPRING FORWARD TO ATTACK HER. MAINLY WE SEE THE TITANESQUE VERSIONS OF BURNOUT AND RAINMAKER. BURNOUT IS FLYING UP TOWARDS US AND THE GIANT ROBOT WOMAN'S HEAD OVER ON THE LEFT, THROWING BOLTS OF FIRE AT HER AS HE DOES SO, WHICH SPATTER IN LUMINOUS MOLTEN GLOBS FROM HER BRIGHT METAL PLATING. RAINMAKER MEANWHILE IS STRUGGLING, HELD FAST IN ONE OF THE ROBOT WOMAN'S GIANT CHROME FISTS. DESPITE BEING HELD FAST LIKE THIS, RAINMAKER IS STILL CONJURING A MINIATURE THUNDERSTORM IN FRONT OF HER AND DIRECTING LONG FORKS OF LIGHTNING UP TOWARDS THE ROBOT WOMAN'S HEAD.

BURNOUT : For EXAMPLE, despite my adolescent INDECISION, in a CRISIS I will take the INITIATIVE, distracting N'VANA with my FLAME-BOLTS...

RAINMAKER : ...while even as I squirm >Unnhh< breathlessly in her masterful GRIP, I can still summon LIGHTNING BOLTS to hopefully disrupt her CIRCUITRY!

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE DOWN ON THE ARENA FLOOR, AT THE FEET OF THE GIANT ROBOT WOMAN. STANNDING ASTRIDE THE ARCH OF HER GIANT METAL FOOT OR WRAPPED AROUND HER HEEL, GRUNGE AND FAIRCHILD ATTEMPT TO ROCK HER OFF OF HER FEET. THIS IS HELPED BY THE FACT THAT THE GIANT ROBOT WOMAN IS FITTED OUT WITH GIANT ROBOT HIGH HEEL BOOTS. FREEFALL HOVERS SOMEWHERE TO ONE SIDE, HOLDING HER ARMS IN FRONT HER TOWARDS THE ROBOT WOMAN'S HIGH HEELS AS SHE DIRECTS HER GRAVITY POWERS THERE.

FAIRCHILD : Meanwhile, G.R.U.N.G.E and I , providing as we so often do the raw POWER of the team, can apply pressure to her FEET!

FREEFALL : Yes...luckily, they're clad in enormous HIGH HEELS!

FREEFALL : If I apply my GRAVITY POWERS to those stilettos with absolute PRECISION, they may prove to be her ACHILLES heels!

PANEL 3.

NOW WE PULL BACK NTO SEE THE GIANT ROBOT WOMAN AS SHE TOPPLES FACE FIRST IN THE DUST OF THE ARENA, CURSING AS SHE DOES SO AND WEARING A SNEER OF CONTEMPT ON HER TELEVIZED FACE. AS RAINMAKER IS RELEASED FROM THE COLLPASING WOMAN'S GRASP, WE SEE BURNOUT SWOOP IN AND SAVE RAINMAKER FROM ALSO FALLING BY BEARING HER ALOFT TO SAFETY. FAIRCHILD AND GRUNGE ARE DOWN BY THE ROBOT WOMAN'S FEET AS SHE FALLS, WITH FREEFALL HOVERING SOMEWHERE TO ONE SIDE AND LOOKING ON.

PAGE 27.

PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

GRUNGE : We've DONE it! Look out BELOW, gang!
FREEFALL : That's RIGHT! As of now, N'VANA is a FALLEN WOMAN!
IVANA : AAAGH! DAMNATION! I wanted to rule the UNIVERSE...and I
would have SUCCEEDED if not for those thrice-accursed
YOUNGSTERS!

PAGE 28.

PANEL 1.

NOW A FOUR-PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE BACK AT THE REAR OF THE CROWD OF AIRWOMEN SPECTATORS, LOOKING ACROSS THEM TO THE BACKGROUND WHERE WE SEE THE GIANT FALLEN ROBOT WOMAN FACE DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ARENA WITH THE TINY FIGURES OF THE GEN THIRTEEN MEMBERS STANDING ON HER OR BESIDE HER. THE AIRWOMEN IN THE FOREGROUND ARE CHEERING AND MAYBE WAVING THEIR SCARFS. THEY LOOK PLEASED WITH THE RESULT.

FREEFALL : LOOK! Now we've bested their QUEEN in FAIR COMBAT, the
AIRWOMEN are pledging their allegiance to US! My purple-haired
race are SPARED!
BURNOUT : That's right, STAR-FLYER...which means we can return to EARTH
where no doubt some old adversary like COUNT CADAVER is
already PLOTTING something!

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE CLOSE IN UPON THE FALLEN ROBOT WOMAN, SO THAT HER FALLEN METAL BODY BECOMES THE LANDSCAPE THAT THE GEN THIRTEEN MEMBERS ARE EITHER STANDING ON OR HOVERING ABOVE. CLAMBERING DOWN THE GENTLE SLOPE OF A GIANT METAL BREAST, GRUNGE LOOKS TOWARDS THE FOREGROUND WITH A MISTRUSTFUL EXPRESSION. FAIRCHILD, STANDING ON THE THE FALLEN ROBOT WOMAN'S BREASTBONE, ALSO LOOKS CONFUSED AND UNCERTAIN, AS DOES FREEFALL, HOVERING TO ONE SIDE OF THE BACKGROUND.

GRUNGE : Yeah, maybe. Listen, it may just be my bitter and mistrustful NATURE,
but there's something I bitterly MISTRUST about this situation!
FAIRCHILD : I-I know what G.R.U.N.G.E. means! It's like I can't really remember any
further BACK than fighting these AIRWOMEN on the hull of our SHIP!
FREEFALL : Yeah! Same for ME!

PANEL 3.

NOW WE CHANGE ANGLE TO LOOK AT THE GROUP STANDING AROUND ON THE FALLEN ROBOT WOMAN FROM A DIFFERENT VIEWPOINT, SO THAT BURNOUT AND FAIRCHILD ARE VISIBLE TOWARDS THE FOREGROUND, WITH RAINMAKER VISIBLE OVER TO THE RIGHT, LOOKING AT THEM WITH A WORRIED EXPRESSION. FREEFALL AND GRUNGE CAN BE IN THE BACKGROUND IF YOU WANT TO SHOW THEM HERE.

PAGE 28.PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

BURNOUT : I-I felt something SIMILAR, but I didn't want to lay a bum TRIP on everyone!

BURNOUT : For INSTANCE, I remember being called SALAMANDER. I had this belt with a big "G" on it...

FAIRCHILD : Hey, that's RIGHT! And then everything got really BLEAK and I was NAKED in a desert of TRASH!

RAINMAKER : Wh-What's going ON?

PANEL 4.

NOW WE SEE THE WHOLE GROUP FROM SOME CONVENIENT ANGLE AS BOTH THEY AND THE ENTIRE LANDSCAPE AROUND THEM START TO BREAK UP INTO LUMINOUS STATIC. THE GEN THIRTEEN KIDS LOOKS DOWN IN AMAZEMENT AT THEIR HANDS AND ARMS AS THEY START TO DISSOLVE INTO FLAKES OF SPARKLING LIGHT.

FREEFALL : I-I almost HAD it then. Something called QUEELOCK: it brought something HOME...

FAIRCHILD : W-We're breaking UP! Hold on to your memories of what's REAL, everyone!

FAIRCHILD : Otherwise we'll have to go through this whole PANTOMIME all over....